

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

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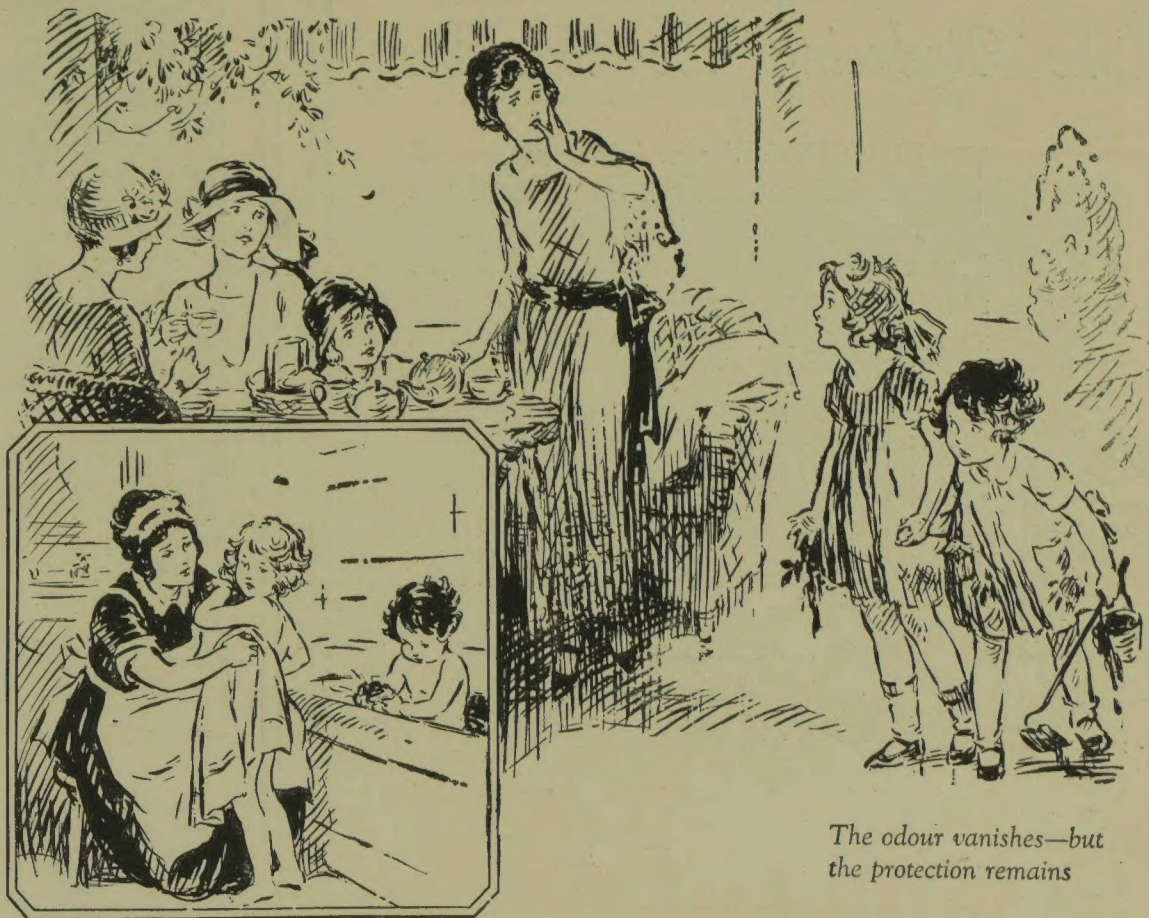
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with this creamy, health-guarding lather which penetrates deep down into every pore, removing all impurities and leaving the skin refreshed, sweet and purified.

And how soothing Lifebuoy is to the most delicate skin.

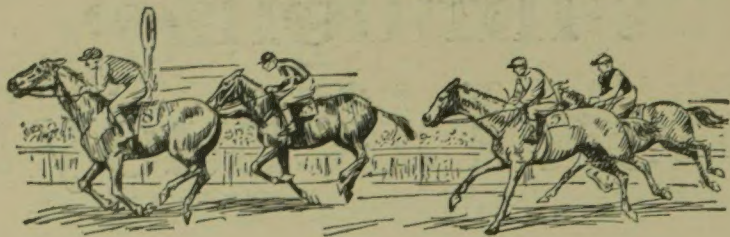
Its rich oils are the most healthful fats employed in soapmaking—the kindest to the skin.

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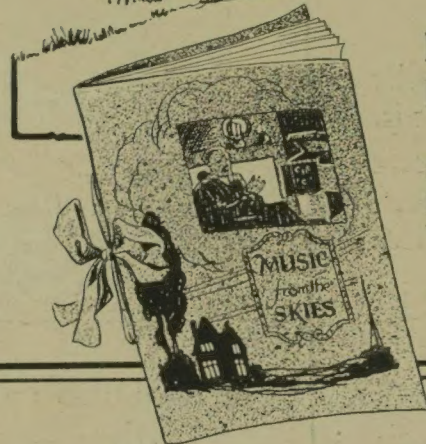
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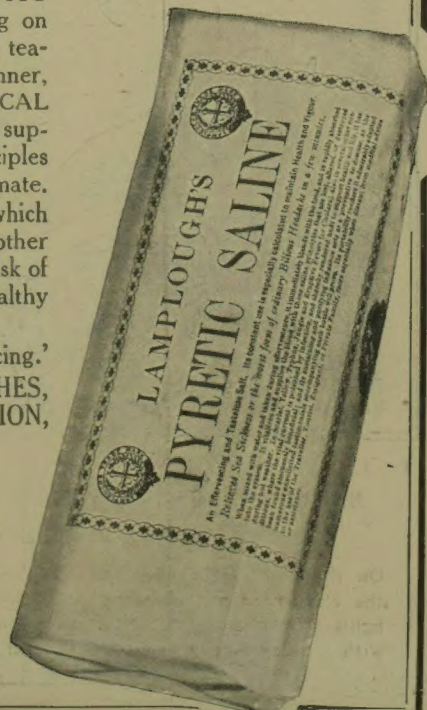
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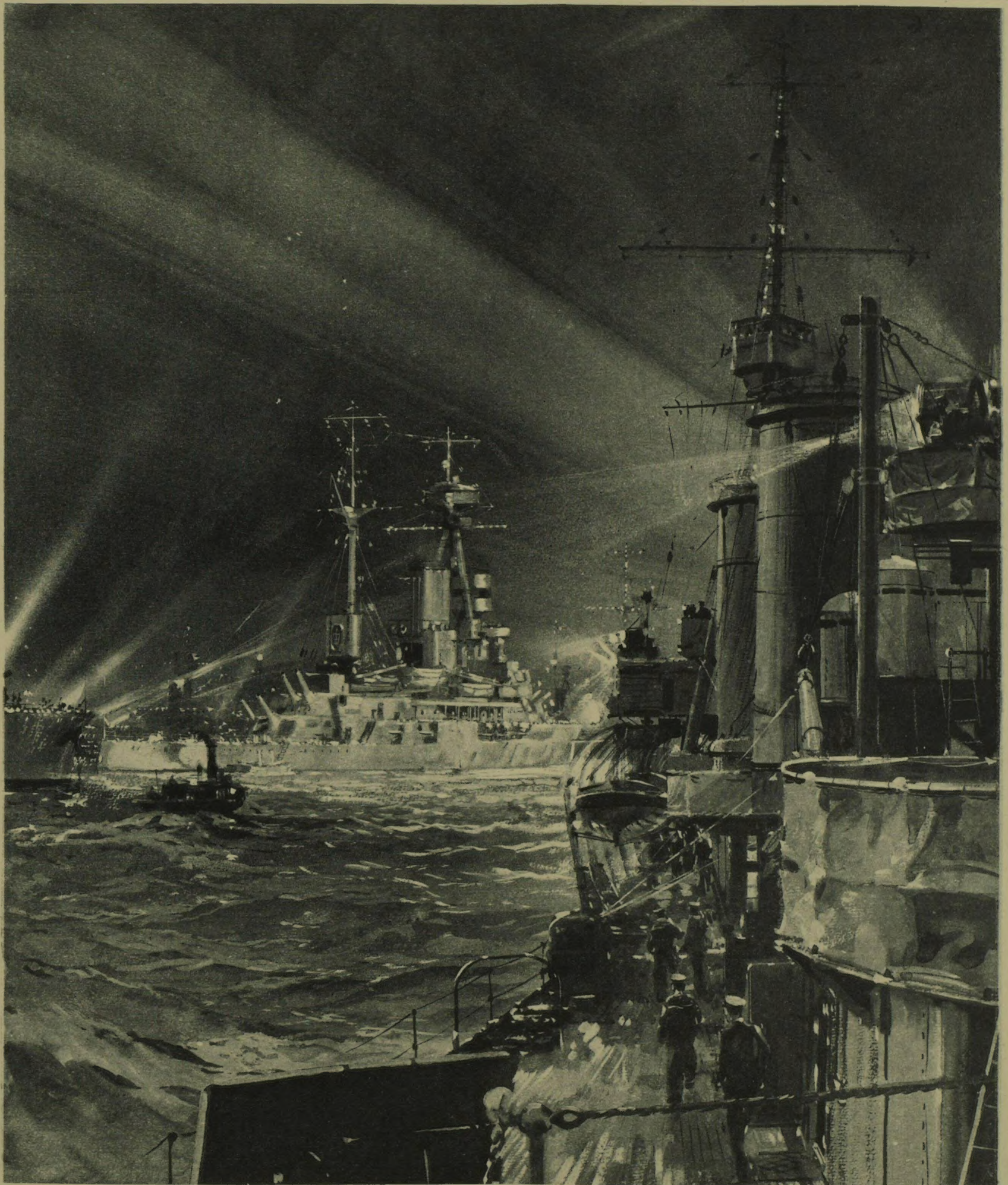


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1924.

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NAVAL PAGEANTRY BY NIGHT: H.M.S. "ROYAL OAK" PICKED OUT BY THE BEAMS AND AGLOW WITH REFLECTED LIGHT—AN INCIDENT IN THE SEARCHLIGHT DISPLAY BY THE FLEET ASSEMBLED AT SPITHEAD.

On the nights of Friday, July 25, and Saturday, July 26, before and after the Review of the Fleet by his Majesty the King at Spithead, the searchlights of the anchored war-ships provided an immense number of sightseers with a very fine spectacle. A specially interesting effect was produced as

ships of the Fleet were picked out by the blaze of the projected lights. The drawing shows H.M.S. "Royal Oak," one of the centre ships of the First Battle Squadron, aglow in reflected light. In the foreground is one of the ships of the Light Cruiser Squadron.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

AMERICA produced the first—one is tempted to say the last, but anyhow the best—of the modern works of light literature about the *enfant terrible*. It is almost a matter of religion that every infant is a terrible infant. Every child is, both in the most superficial and in the most solemn sense, a holy terror. But while all children are both amusing and alarming, while all children are therefore interesting, it can hardly be maintained that all books about children are interesting. But that original American work, which presumably set the fashion, was a thing genuine and convincing of its kind, and I fancy it has remained the best of its kind. Helen's babies really are babies, and (what is rare in fiction, as Stevenson noticed) they really are Helen's, though Helen never appears in the story. The temporary orphans do somehow suggest a mother who is not there. Anyhow, that very simple and sincere little sketch was interesting when it appeared, and it is interesting still, even if nobody is interested. If it has been forgotten, it has been forgotten for the sake of a swarm of plagiarists who have done the same thing much worse—who are, indeed, still doing it, and doing it worse and worse. A wholly alien idea of impudence has been brought in to poison the humours of innocence. Toddy and Budge were impossible, but not impudent. For impudence is not an element of the freshness of youth, but of the hardening of old age. The new people are not interested in the child, but in the spoilt child—that is, in the unchildish child. The whole point of the true tradition of the *enfant terrible* was that the child was unconscious and not self-conscious. The terrible infant is terrible like one of the forces of nature, like the blind sea or the random thunder-bolt, laying waste the most elaborate social structures of man. There is in innocence a power of appalling indifference, of destructive detachment from all such elaborate social arrangements. It is like the old legendary theory of omens. It was essential that the oracular saying, the blessing or the curse, should be something arbitrary. It was best of all when it was something accidental. It must mean much more than it was meant to mean. It must be too great for the mouth that utters it; a man must mention a triviality, and other men realise that he has uttered a prophecy like the trump of doom. It was this random character in the thunderbolts thrown by that young god, the *enfant terrible*, that was the whole point of his legend. If he is only a little prig with several complexes and an ego, he is not the stuff of which myths are made. But the simplicity of the popular tradition, the tradition of the random word of innocence as the rebuke to complexity, did linger in the little book of which I speak, the best book of its kind that I know. It is a curiosity of literature, or of ignorance of literature, that as far as I know nobody remembers the author—I, for one, do not even know his name.

But I mention that old American story with reference to certain criticisms of American conditions. It gaye, if only indirectly and by inference, a good deal of information about the moral and religious atmosphere of that late nineteenth century New England of which the religion was already changing, but the morals remained the same. But the particular

point that interests me now in that connection is the celebrated remark of Toddy, the smaller of the two boys, who could not be torn away from the contemplation of his uncle's watch—or rather, of the works of his watch—and who incessantly repeated that he wanted to see the wheels go round. That seems to me an excellent example of the unconscious oracle of prophecy, of the random revelation of great and serious things. Toddy did indeed make himself a teraph-head, a blind mask and automatic mouthpiece and the trumpet of the American spirit. That is the whole meaning of industrialism, individualism, progress, hustle, and hundred-per-cent. efficiency. That is the meaning of Pittsburg and Chicago, of the skyscrapers and the quick lunches. They want to see wheels go round, more and more wheels go round, larger and larger wheels go round, wheels that go round faster and faster. And this amuses them exactly as it amused Toddy, and for the same reason. It amuses them because they are as innocent as Helen's babies, even in a sense because they are as old-fashioned as Helen's babies. At bottom they have a simple

independent, speculative, or sceptical, as you choose to regard it. In liberty and detachment of the intelligence the old slow pilgrims race far ahead of the new rapid tourists. The flying-ships of Count Zeppelin and the petrol-traffic of Mr. Rockefeller are panting hundreds of miles behind the slow camel of Job or the white elephant of Buddha. If it comes to thinking, to questioning, to the use or abuse of speculation, no people have done it more than people sitting on the bare ground and staring at the stars. No people have done it less than people engaged in the applications of physical science to practical commerce. No people have done it less than the American people. The great mass of the American people remain, both for good and evil, stolidly, stubbornly, astoundingly conservative in their ideas.

As already observed, progress in machinery generally did occur where there was no progress in mentality. It was the reactionary countries which developed industrialism—the Germany of Blücher and Bismarck, the England of Wellington and Peel. It is one of the very few points in which England does resemble Germany, or some parts of Germany. That is why it was never mentioned by the Teutonists. It is also one of the very few points in which England does resemble America, or some parts of America. That is why it is never mentioned by the Anglo-Saxons. The combination of Toryism in politics with restlessness in mechanics does really unite Berlin with Birmingham, and to some extent Birmingham with Bismarckville, Pa., U.S.A. People seem to forget that the very time when the English were introducing commercial industrialism was the time when they were actually persecuting political idealism. When a man was most concerned to get a living by being a manufacturer was the time when he might lose his life by being a Jacobin; and the six Acts restraining all liberty of popular protest were improvements that came in with the steam-engine and the spinning-jenny.

The desire to see wheels go round involves the idea that they will always repeat themselves. In one sense it may be called progressive, since when the

wheels go round the cart goes on. In another sense it may be called conservative, for in assuming that the wheels will go round it assumes that the wheels will not come off. But, above all, when the wheels are really going round rapidly, they are generally in a rut. Industrialism is in a rut, and industrial America is rather specially in a rut; and none the less so because it can move in such a rut more and more swiftly. What the industrial spirit does not like is anything that cuts across that rut, that barges in at another angle. America is a very great living and complex reality, and everybody must apologise for having any impressions of it at all. But the only sense I can make of its present politics is something like this—that America is now the most conservative country in the world. It is resisting the spirit of revolt and novelty that comes from Europe. It is no longer a question of our calling in the New World to redress the balance of the Old. We are the New World, and we are upsetting the balance of the Old; and it looks as if the balance of America were a good deal upset.



A ROMAN LEGIONARY'S MAP: A SKIN FROM A FRAGMENT OF THE SHIELD OF A THIRD-CENTURY PALMYRENE ARCHER; WITH LIST OF MARCHING STAGES.

The piece of skin illustrated is a part of a fragment of a shield discovered during excavations of Saliniyehd, near Damascus, and it was shown recently to the Académie des Inscriptions by M. Franz Cumont. The shield belonged to a third-century Palmyrene archer. On the skin is painted a map; with blue sea, with ships upon it, and red land, with blue rivers. On the land, in Greek, are listed the stages along which the owner of the shield marched with the Army, with notes of the mileage covered between the stages. The whole proves again that under the Emperor Severus the Romans had garrisons in Southern Russia, at Tyras (Akkerman), Olbia, and Chersonese—garrisons that were linked together by a military road—and that they were in occupation of Artaxata, evidence that it had not, as tradition held, been destroyed under Lucius Verus.

Reproduction by Courtesy of M. Franz Cumont.

conservatism—so simple that it does not even know it is conservative. It has hardly realised how much hustle is identical with routine. It does not know when its own argument is an argument in a circle as round as a cipher; and it talks about a hundred-per-cent. efficiency without remembering that a hundred per cent. of nought is nought. But Toddy is full of the fire of innocence, and has not wearied of seeing the wheels go round. He has not even discovered that it is the nature of a wheel going round to come back to the same place.

The notion that America is advanced only shows how deceptive is the mask of machinery and materialistic science. As a historical fact, those who have been advanced in their machinery have generally not been advanced in their ideas. In so far as there is any sense in the word, they have not been advanced either in the good or the bad sense of the word. The makers of machinery have been loyal or conventional or docile or servile, as you choose to regard it. The people without machinery have been intellectual,

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THE GREAT SEA PAGEANT AT SPITHEAD: NOTABLE SHIPS AND INCIDENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIBB (SOUTHSEA), I.B., C.N., AND TOPICAL.



FORMERLY THE GERMAN "SPREEWALD," CAPTURED IN 1914: THE SUBMARINE REPAIR-SHIP "LUCIA," OF THE SECOND SUBMARINE FLOTILLA.



WITH HER ROW OF MINES LOOKING LIKE A GIANT CATERPILLAR: THE MINE-LAYER "TELEMACHUS," A SPECIALLY FITTED DESTROYER.



LEAVING THE "VICTORY," WITH HER BEAK HEAD RESTORED AS IT WAS AT TRAFALGAR: THE PRINCE OF WALES (FOURTH FROM LEFT) AT PORTSMOUTH.



SHOWING HER ANTI-TORPEDO "BULGE," TO PROTECT THE ACTUAL SIDE OF THE SHIP: PART OF THE CURIOUS AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "HERMES."



THE ONLY BATTLE-SHIP PRESENT THAT WAS ALSO IN THE 1914 REVIEW: H.M.S. "CENTURION," FLAG-SHIP OF THE RESERVE FLEET.



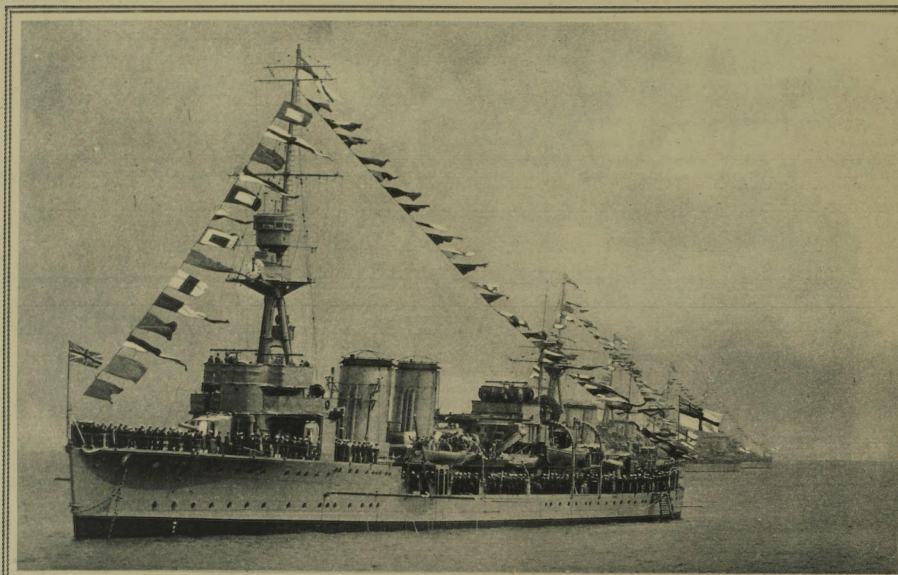
WHERE THE GERMANS SIGNED THE SURRENDER OF THEIR FLEET IN 1918: THE ADMIRAL'S CABIN IN THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" (FLEET FLAG-SHIP).

Before reviewing the Fleet at Spithead on July 26, the King, with the Prince of Wales, paid a visit to the old "Victory," now in dry dock at Portsmouth. As our photograph shows, she has been restored to the condition in which she fought at Trafalgar, including the beak head that has replaced the disfigured bow which she carried when anchored in Portsmouth Harbour. The "Lucia," which accompanied the Second Submarine Flotilla at the Review, is the ex-German prize "Spreewald," captured by H.M.S. "Berwick" off St. Lucia in September 1914. The "Telemachus" is a destroyer specially fitted as a minelayer to carry

40 mines. The "Hermes" is a newly commissioned aircraft-carrier of high speed and strange appearance, having her bridge and funnel arranged on one side to admit of a clear deck for the flying off and landing of aeroplanes. Her anti-torpedo "bulge," divided into sections, is designed to protect the actual side of the ship if struck by a torpedo. The "Centurion" was in the main battle line at Jutland, but was not hit. The "Queen Elizabeth," of Dardanelles and Grand Fleet fame, was the Fleet flag-ship of Admiral Sir John de Robeck, Commander-in-Chief, at the Review.

THROUGH A FIVE-MILE AVENUE OF MIGHTY WAR-SHIPS: THE KING REVIEWING THE FLEET ASSEMBLED AT SPITHEAD.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.

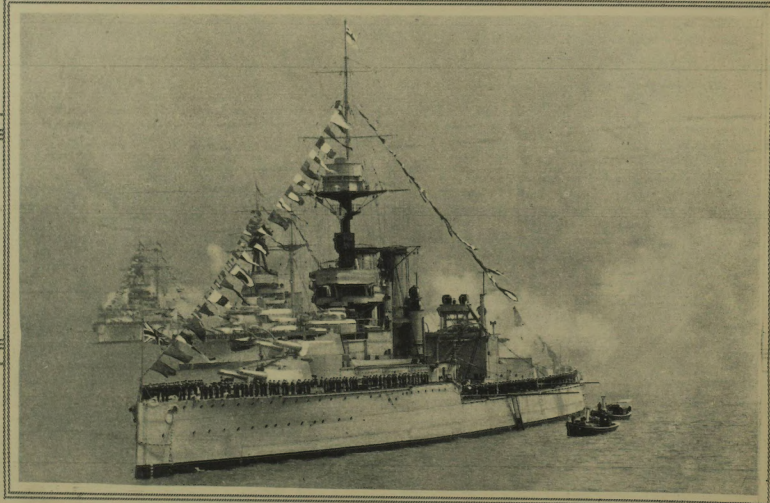


THE GREAT NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD: (ON THE LEFT) THE CRUISER "CALEDON" (IN FOREGROUND) AND OTHER SHIPS DRESSED OVER ALL, WITH CREWS PARADE ON DECK; FOLLOWED BY THE ADMIRALTY YACHT "ENCHANTRESS"—SHOWING (L. TO

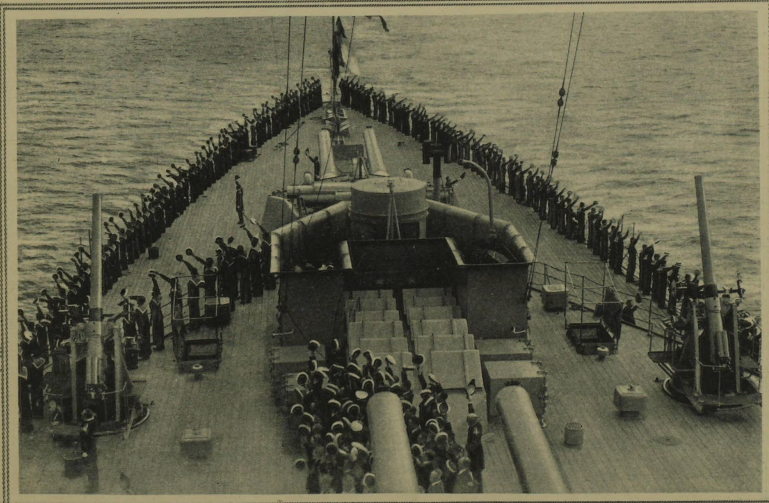


ON DECK: (ON THE RIGHT) THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," WITH THE KING AND THE PRINCE OF WALES ON BOARD, STEAMING DOWN THE LINES, THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" (FLAG-SHIP), "RESOLUTION," AND "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."

BATTLE-SHIPS
FIRING A ROYAL
SALUTE AS THE
"VICTORIA AND
ALBERT" ENTERED
THE LINES.
(FROM RIGHT TO
LEFT) THE
"CENTURION,"
(FLAG-SHIP OF
THE RESERVE
FLEET),
"REVENGE," AND
"ROYAL OAK"—
A PHOTOGRAPH
TAKEN FROM THE
BATTLE-CRUISER
"TIGER."



The great fleet reviewed by the King at Spithead on July 26 consisted of 193 ships drawn up on a five-mile front, so that the Royal Yacht, in passing down the line and back, traversed double that distance. The actual Review lasted less than two hours, but the sea pageant of which it was the climax occupied several days. The royal procession, which left Portsmouth shortly after two o'clock, was led by the Trinity House yacht, with the Duke of Connaught, Master of Trinity House, on board. Then came the Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert," with the King and the Prince of Wales on the bridge, and last the Admiralty yacht "Enchantress," with Cabinet Ministers, Admiralty officials, and their guests. As the procession approached the "Queen Elizabeth," flying the



CHEERING AND
WAVING THEIR
CAPS AS THE
KING PASSED IN
THE ROYAL
YACHT: THE
CREW OF THE
"QUEEN ELIZA-
BETH" (FLAG-SHIP
OF THE COM-
MANDER-IN-CHIEF,
ADMIRAL SIR
JOHN DE ROBECK)
PARADED ON
DECK AT THE
REVIEW.

flag of Admiral Sir John de Robeck, Commander-in-Chief, a signal was given from the Royal Yacht, and the guns of the assembled war-ships fired a royal salute. Every ship was dressed over all, seamen were lined up on forecastles, upper and quarter decks, and officers took up their positions. As the Royal Yacht passed, guards presented arms, buglers sounded "Attention," bands played the National Anthem, and great bursts of cheering sounded from ship to ship. It was a magnificent and inspiring spectacle, carried out with all the order and efficiency for which the Navy is famous. Photographs of the King on board the Royal Yacht, and some of the guests on the "Enchantress," appear on the following page.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

AUGUST and the holiday spirit are at hand once more, and the books ought to conform to the mood of the moment. But, although I happen to be writing beside the sea, it is not holiday with me just yet, only a flying visit to snatch a whiff of ozone and then back to the collar immediately. Nor is it quite August, for this page must go to press a few days ahead of the date the paper bears, consequently, no eulogy of August weather comes within the bounds of safety in this fickle climate of ours. July, however, is doing her very best, for which let us be thankful. A morning that opened with a sharp thunderstorm cleared up before 9 o'clock, and has given us a day that will be registered as one of the most creditable of 1924, when summer has done her utmost to atone for a dreadful beginning.

May it keep on in the good way for such of us as cannot yet "cry 'holiday,'" if, indeed, any scribe who must feed the press week by week without fail can ever be said to enjoy a real break from the task of routine. The only plan is to get ahead with a week or two's books; but innumerable pious resolutions to that effect seem never to be kept. Still, it is something of a holiday to do one's work in the open air, with a line of lifted blue sea before one for refreshment whenever one looks up from the page. And there ought to be inspiration of a Wordsworthian sort when one is able, by taking thought, to—

... see the children sporting on the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Yet, on the point of inspiration, one must not boast. Looking back over some 170 consecutive weeks in which these random notes have known only one break, anything inspired seems to be conspicuous by its absence. If the present article fails in the same way, it will not be the fault of the writer's surroundings. Most likely, however, nothing will come along except the usual tale of bricks, of which the most to be hoped is that it will be a fairly workmanlike account of a few new books.

The collection in hand has at least the merit of variety, and so far it conforms to the holiday spirit. Not all the books, however, answer exactly to the description "Summer Reading," that pleasant American phrase about which I noted this time last year that it had never been adopted on this side of the Atlantic, either by readers or publishers, tempting though it was to the latter as a heading for holiday book advertisements. This year, I see it has been used in at least one instance, and were I a Friar of Mount Carmel I would claim the credit of the suggestion in the strict manner of that Order. As it is, I am content merely to record the fact of acclimatisation and pass on to discuss some volumes that may, and others that may not, fall precisely into the catalogue of "Summer Reading."

As a rule, the phrase suggests the lightest of light literary fare, even to frivolity. But there is no need to draw any hard and fast line. Holiday or summer reading may include every kind of book. It depends largely on the reader. What will be holiday to one would be penance to another. The jaded reviewer of fiction, for instance, would welcome a chance to read a little history or biography, and vice versa. But the true joy of reading, holiday or otherwise, is known only to those lucky people whose work does not compel them to follow professionally the paths of literature, real or supposed. To them the field is open, and they have only to choose what they like. The staleness of professionalism never blights their enjoyment of a book.

Those who stand outside these regions of doubtful bliss, literature or journalism, may very naturally suppose that the mere writing man in his vacation would keep away from books altogether. He may, for a little, but his vice is inveterate, and oftener than not, after a very brief and perhaps irksome abstinence, he will be found taking a busman's holiday. One of the busiest reviewers of my acquaintance has confessed to me that his ambition is a year's holiday, which would enable him to read, as a man should read, only the best and greatest writers, with suitable intervals for reflection and for writing of a kind that would—approximately—satisfy his fastidious literary conscience! We of the craft are painfully aware that a lifetime of reviewing has landed us in a parlous state of mental indigestion, with its attendant paralysis of the power to find the *mot juste*. But the respite never comes. We never are, but always to be blest. "To 't again, come!" It is ominous that that last phrase was spoken of grave-digging.

Exhilarating reflections truly, to be made in the most exhilarating air in Britain! But this article began with contradictions—August that was not yet August and a holiday that was none, together with a hint of books that might not prove to be exactly holiday reading. And yet, even where the subject may not promise lightness, the

handling may make a book light, agreeable and recreative. This happens with the first of the volumes in the present week's wallet. It is political and economic (heavy words!), but the author's *nom-de-guerre* is sufficient in itself to banish all fear of tedium. For the "Gentleman with the Duster," "that valuable public servant," as Mr. Chesterton has called him, presents us with a new book of essays, "THE CONSERVATIVE MIND" (Mills and Boon; 5s.), in which he expounds, with his usual fluent pen and ready wit, the whole doctrine of Imperialism.

He does more. His book is an exposure of the menace of Labour. By "Labour" he means Communistic Socialism, as inspired by the teaching of Moscow. He sees in the ideal of the British Empire a cause for which Conservatism, as he conceives it, is the only guarantee and safeguard. His argument is addressed chiefly to the working classes, and he asks, "If the Socialist can appeal to them in the name of Russia, surely the Conservative may appeal to them in the name of the British Empire?" To the gentleman who polished the Mirrors of Whitehall Imperialism is not an ideal of self-seeking, but the highest co-operative unity of kinsmen seeking the welfare of the whole world and its restoration from the chaos that began on a fatal day just ten years ago.

The personal argument, so much in vogue to-day, is here used in a rather ingenious manner. The "G.W.T.D." develops his theme in a series of personal sketches of prominent Conservatives—Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Sir Robert Horne, the Duke of Northumberland, Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, Sir Douglas Hogg, Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, Mr.

likely to be intelligible to the general reader than a formal treatise by a physician or surgeon. The author writes frankly as a layman, and in "CANCER: HOW IT IS CAUSED AND HOW IT CAN BE PREVENTED" (Murray; 7s. 6d.), Mr. J. Ellis Barker has examined, with an almost Teutonic thoroughness, the existing material, physical and statistical, of a huge and difficult subject. He claims to have disproved the theory that cancer is infectious, and he suggests that the secret of prevention lies in healthier digestive processes. These views of a layman have the approval of Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane. The passages on the danger of over-eating come not unseasonably at this time of year, and holiday-makers would do well to take note.

More truly in the line of vacation reading is the story of an adventurous honeymoon which is told by Colonel J. C. B. Statham in "WITH MY WIFE ACROSS AFRICA BY CANOE AND CARAVAN" (Simpkin; 12s. 6d.). This journey through wild places was suggested by Mrs. Statham herself, who chose Africa in preference to a trip through her husband's old haunts in Sardinia. Colonel Statham is an old African hunter who knows most parts of the Dark Continent. His difficulty was to know where to cross. For various reasons he rejected the Northern and Equatorial routes. Tracks that he would have taken without hesitation on his own account assumed a less tempting aspect when he had his wife to consider; so after much anxious thought he decided upon the crossing from Mossamedes on the Kubango River, and down it and the Zambesi River system to the Indian Ocean.

This route offered comparative healthiness, and also the possibility of canoe transport. Still, it was very difficult, especially for a woman, and, as far as Colonel Statham was aware, it had never been completely accomplished by white people. The river journey was never completed, but the crossing was safely accomplished after many toils and dangers. The President of the Royal Geographical Society has called Colonel and Mrs. Statham's journey "as exciting as one could expect, or perhaps wish, to undertake in the twentieth century." Readers of this chequered and very interesting narrative will agree heartily. Women especially will be attracted by this lively account of a woman's notable exploit. The interest of the book is heightened by its excellent maps and illustrations. Colonel Statham's notes on geographical and anthropological questions make it valuable also to science.

"The regular process of cultivated life," said a great artist, "is from necessities to accommodations, from accommodations to ornaments." In the foregoing tale of African way-faring, necessities and spur-of-the-moment accommodations play a leading part. The amenity of cultivated life was necessarily foregone. With ornament the travellers were not personally concerned, except as an incident in the observation of native tribal customs. Yet they retained as far as possible the process of cultivated life, and the result is a most fascinating record. But why, the reader will ask, why drag in the quotation with which this paragraph opens, and why tag on to it these rather trite reflections? There is method in the apparent madness, for those words form part of the Dedication of a classic of

art, which has just been reissued in a very attractive volume. "THE DISCOURSES OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A." (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.) deserve a larger attention than they usually receive. Addressed in the first instance to the students of the Royal Academy, these lectures have an interest far wider than the technical concerns of the studio. They contain much sound philosophy of life, and the writing alone is admirable. It has an ease and felicity that places it high as a model of the clear and unaffected expository English style. A concise biography of Sir Joshua increases the interest and value of this welcome reprint, which follows Malone's text of 1797 and contains the author's latest corrections and additions.

Any guide to "Summer Reading" would miss fire if it omitted fiction—which, after all, is the chief thing in that connection. Perhaps this article should have been given up entirely to the novelists, but at the packing of the bag for a hurried departure the only novels to hand at the moment were Mr. Storer Clouston's "THE TWO STRANGE MEN" (Nash and Grayson; 7s. 6d.), and "RUFUS," by Grace S. Richmond (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). If I had any hopes that Mr. Storer Clouston would provide us with another happy extravaganza of his jolly lunatic, Mr. Mandell Essington, these hopes were disappointed. This time he has gone to Ireland to tell an exciting tale of the late rebellion. But, if the vein is not comic, the story of the hairbreadth 'scapes of Mr. Rupert Rodd and his nephew Jack make very good pastime. Mrs. Richmond's novel is an American love-story with a double thread wound round the fortunes of a disabled medical officer. Its delicate sentiment is sure to appeal to girls who are not utterly given over to latter-day hardness, flippancy, and absorption in unsavoury subjects. Quite a holiday book.



TO THE 221 STUDENTS WHO FELL IN THE WAR: THE DUKE OF YORK UNVEILS THE MEMORIAL OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, BELFAST.

During the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Northern Ireland, they were presented with honorary degrees by Queen's University. The photograph depicts the ceremony that followed when the Duke unveiled the bronze statue of a winged Victory. The statue supports on one arm the figure of a dying soldier, raising with the other a crown of laurel. It was designed by Sir Thomas Brock, and executed by his assistant, Mr. Arnold White.—[Photograph by Graphic.]

Neville Chamberlain, and others. Upon these the author does not, as in former works, use the knuckle-duster. His attitude is more like that of Mrs. Bardell and Mrs. Cluppings when, as Sam Weller testified, they "fell into a werry great state o' admiration at the honourable conduct o' Messrs. Dodson and Fogg." To "The Gentleman with," etc., his leading Conservatives are all very good boys indeed, full of the loftiest moral enthusiasms.

This one would not deny for a moment; but, by way of a change, our former caustic analyst of public characters has spread the butter very thick this time. It seems like the writing of a convert, and one suspects that the Duster-flourisher must have been brought up in the old rigid Puritan-Liberal atmosphere, where a Conservative was regarded as a safe candidate for Hades; that he has been brought by his dread of Communism to a different view; and, like all converts, sees his new masters in the rosiest light. His subjects are (in the words of the dying Gainsborough) "all going to Heaven and Vandyck is of the company." Bating this tendency to one-sidedness, the book is full of excellent instruction and suggestion for those who know about current politics, and, in particular, for those who do not. And, for all their serious theme, these essays make excellent entertainment, and should be in every holiday-maker's knapsack.

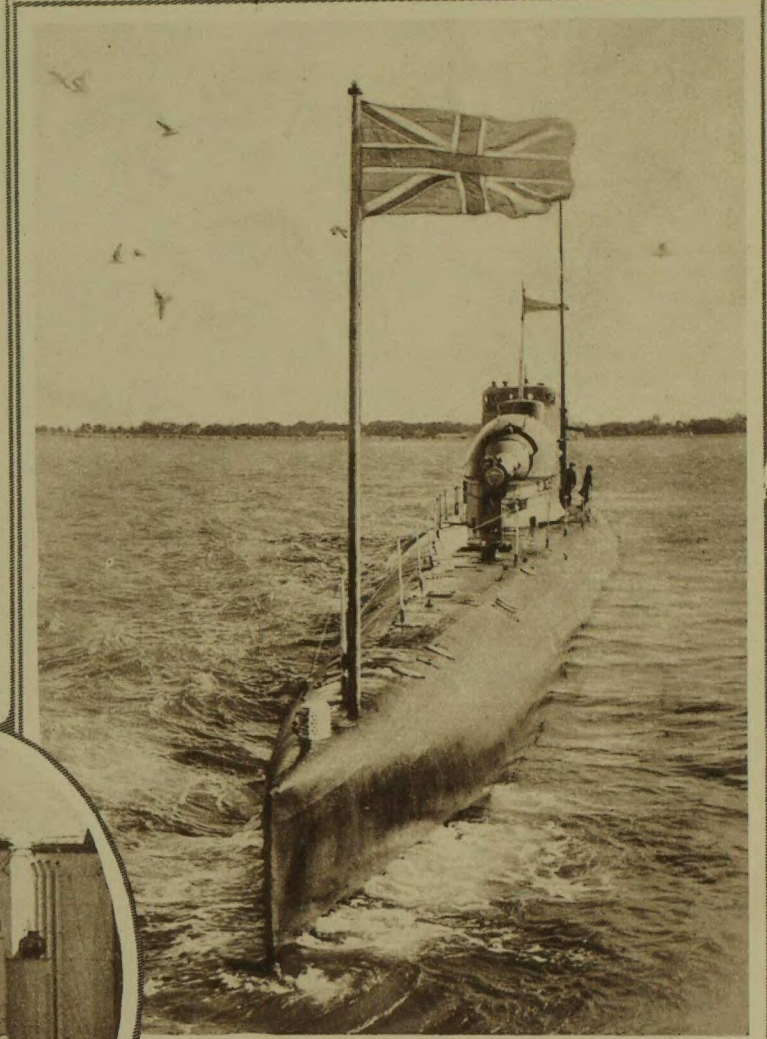
The Gentleman with the Duster, rightly enough, sees Muscovite doctrine as a moral cancer that must be cut out of the body politic, and his hope lies in Conservative surgeons. The subject of physical cancer may seem a little out of place in the present connection, but, as chance will have it, here is a popular book on that engrossing medical question. It is by a layman, and therefore more

THE KING WITH HIS FLEET: PERSONALITIES AT THE NAVAL REVIEW.

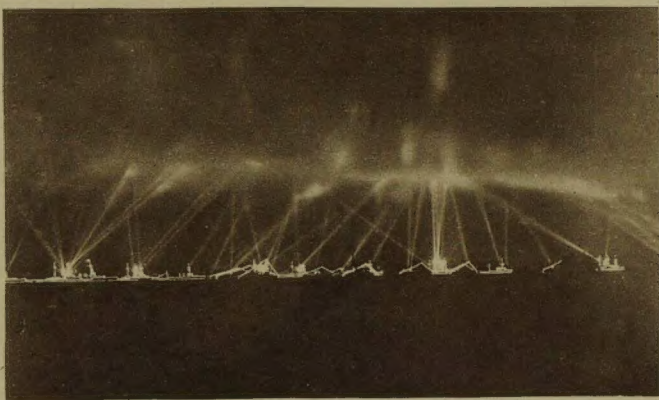
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., NORTH END STUDIO (PORTSMOUTH), TOPICAL, AND CRIBB (SOUTHSEA).



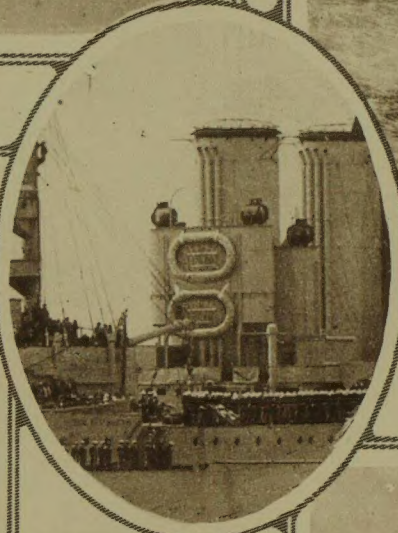
ABOARD THE "ENCHANTRESS": (L. TO R.) LADY CHELMSFORD, MR. J. H. THOMAS, MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, LORD CHELMSFORD, MR. HENDERSON, LORD BEATTY.



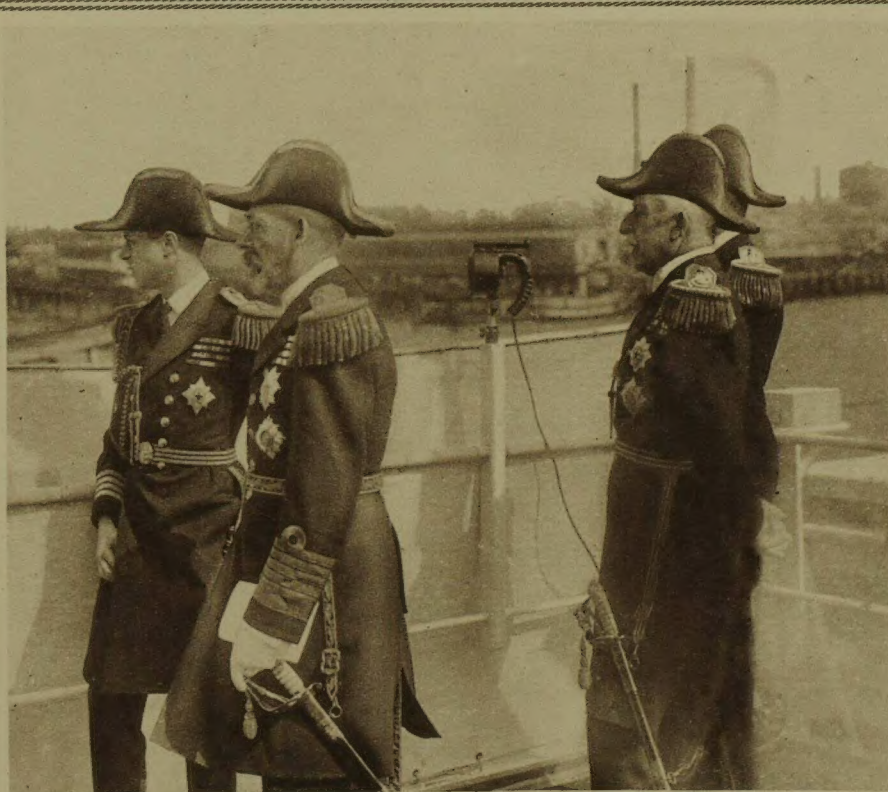
SHOWING HER BIG 12-INCH GUN FROM THE OLD BATTLE-SHIP "KING EDWARD VII.": SUBMARINE "M3," OF THE NEW BOMBARDING TYPE.



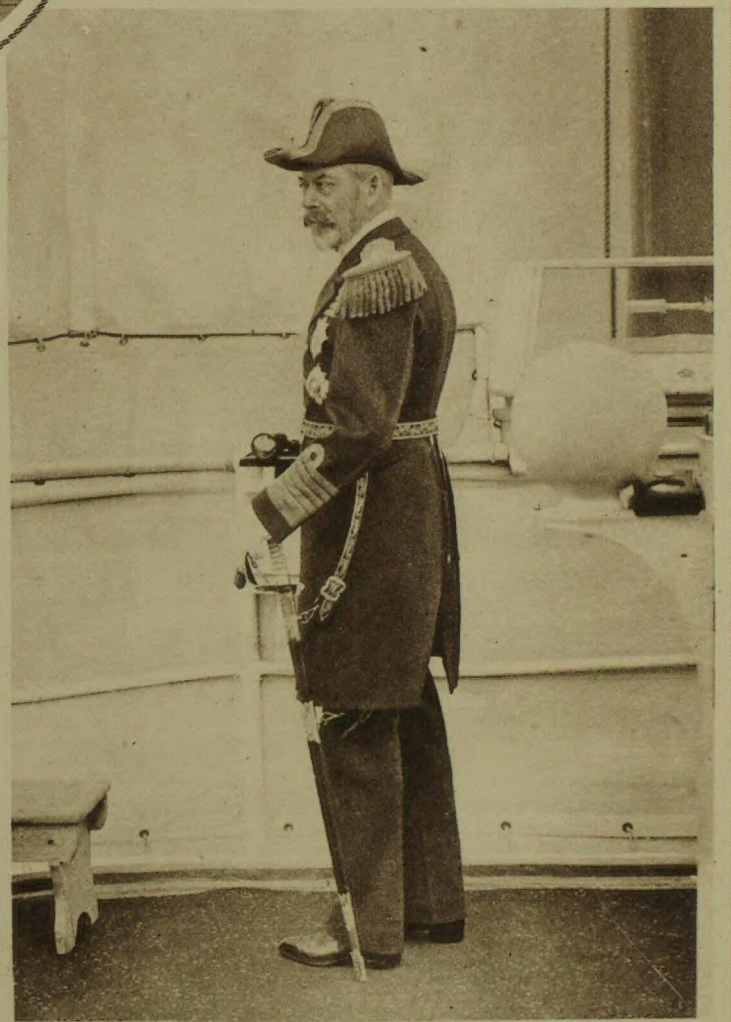
WAR-SHIPS OUTLINED IN GOLDEN FIRE ON THE SEA: THE ILLUMINATION OF THE FLEET AND SEARCHLIGHT DISPLAY AFTER THE REVIEW.



SHOWING TWO RAFTS SLUNG BESIDE THE FUNNELS: THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH."



A ROYAL GROUP ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT": (L. TO R.) THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE KING, AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.



"PROUD OF THE SPLENDID APPEARANCE OF THE SHIPS AND THEIR CREWS": HIS MAJESTY THE KING ON THE BRIDGE OF THE ROYAL YACHT AT THE REVIEW.

After reviewing the Fleet at Spithead the King sent a message to the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir John de Robeck, in which he said: "I am proud of the splendid appearance of the ships and their crews, and I know that the conditions of efficiency can only be maintained by that discipline and devotion to duty which animates all ranks and ratings of the Service." As already mentioned, the Prince of Wales was with his Majesty on the bridge of the "Victoria and Albert" during the Review, while the Duke of Connaught, as Master of Trinity House, was on board the Trinity House yacht which led the royal procession.

The group on board the Admiralty yacht "Enchantress," which followed the Royal Yacht, included the Prime Minister (Mr. Ramsay Macdonald), the First Lord of the Admiralty (Viscount Chelmsford) and Lady Chelmsford, Earl Beatty, the Home Secretary (Mr. Arthur Henderson), the Colonial Secretary (Mr. J. H. Thomas), and Mr. Frank Hodges, Civil Lord of the Admiralty. At night after the Review, there was a brilliant searchlight display and illumination of the Fleet. Submarines of the "M" Class are each fitted with one 12-inch gun taken from ships of the old "King Edward VII." class.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



GIANT TORTOISES: HOW THEY WERE ISOLATED.

By W. P. Pyecraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE discovery by Mr. and Lady Margaret Loder of a "very large tortoise" in Abyssinia, recently announced in the columns of the *Times*, raises a theme of great interest, and one which has been the subject of scientific investigation for a generation. And this because of the mystery which surrounds the manner of their geographical distribution. For these creatures, since modern times, have all been confined to islands. How did they reach these isolated spots, often hundreds of miles from the nearest mainland?

The largest known tortoise lived ages ago. When the plains of India were the home of the mighty Sivatherium, and of still more gigantic elephants and mastodons, that country was still inhabited by the most gigantic tortoise of which we have any knowledge, for the maximum length of its shell was certainly over six feet, and it may have been as much as eight feet. This was the tortoise of the Siwalik Hills, during the Pliocene epoch. To-day its nearest living ally is the species known as *Testudo emys*, of the countries east of the Bay of Bengal—a sadly degenerate creature with a shell no more than a foot in length. A lesser giant was living at the same time as the Siwalik species in the south of France, but its shell did not exceed a length of four feet. Finally, both in North America, on the one hand, and Patagonia on the other, during the Pliocene giant tortoises were fairly abundant. With, or before, the close of the Pliocene these great reptiles seem to have vanished from all the continents of the earth. Henceforth their race survived only on oceanic islands. These were Madagascar and the neighbouring islands of the western Indian Ocean, and the Galapagos Archipelago in the easternmost Pacific.

From Madagascar they had been exterminated before the arrival of the first European settlers; but their skeletons, often in a very perfect condition, have

Others as large—and, I believe, even larger—are in Lord Rothschild's wonderful museum at Tring. Their extinction is deplorable. Their fate, however, affords but one of many cases where the greed and

who are concerned with the problems of the geographical distribution of animals. How, indeed, did they come to be "marooned" on the islands where they were originally found—for it is quite certain that they were not transported from the mainland in ships, since they were in occupation of their several fastnesses long before the advent of man, savage or civilised?

Wallace, in discussing the origin of the Pacific island types, remarks: "Considering the well-known tenacity of life of these animals, and the large number of allied forms which have aquatic or sub-aquatic habits, it is not a very extravagant supposition that some ancestral form, carried out to sea by a flood, was once or twice safely drifted as far as the Galapagos, and has originated the races which now inhabit them." And by the same reasoning we must people the Mascarin Islands. A moment's consideration will suffice to show the untenability of this interpretation.

Geologists are now agreed that South Africa and India were once connected by a common land surface; and this, of course, included Madagascar and the Mascarin Islands. At this time giant tortoises roamed over the whole of the now submerged area. This submergence, which took place during early Tertiary times, left certain areas high and dry, with whatsoever creatures were living there at the time. Thus isolated, during thousands of years, new species arose from the parent stocks. And we may postulate a similar origin for the Galapagos Islands and their inhabitants, including the giant tortoises.

This isolation has resulted not merely in the evolution of new species, but of new types, unlike anything which existed on the mainland; and this, apparently, as a consequence of the absence of large predaceous animals. Thus Vosmaer's Tortoise, of



FIG. 1.—A COMPLETE CHANGE OF STRUCTURE: AN ABINGDON ISLAND TORTOISE, WEIGHING 201 LB.

This species shows the remarkable size of the aperture of the anterior end of the shell, which leaves the body open to attack. This change in structure from the tortoise-tribe would have been impossible if the island had been inhabited by large carnivores.

Photograph by E. J. Manly.

improvidence of commerce have been allowed to go unchecked. And now as to the Galapagos tortoises. At the time of the discovery of this Archipelago, in the sixteenth century, the tortoises were distributed in immense numbers over most of the islands; they are now restricted to Albemarle, Duncan, and Abingdon Islands.

The great size and weight of these creatures, the great age to which they live, and their slow, detached movements always arouse astonishment among visitors to the Zoological Gardens in London, where, at different times, several species have been exhibited. Only a very few realise that they have been brought from islands at great distances from the nearest mainland; and to fewer still does it seem to have occurred that it is very remarkable that they should be found thus isolated.

This is a matter which has provoked much controversy among those



FIG. 3.—ALMOST THE LAST OF HIS KIND: A NORTH ALDABRA ISLAND TORTOISE, WEIGHING 870 LB.

Survivors of this less modified type of Galapagos Tortoise (a male) may still exist on the South Island of the Aldabran atoll. This one is in the British Museum.—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]



FIG. 4.—SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE OUTER SCALES AND THE UNDERLYING PLATES: THE NORMAL SHELL STRUCTURE OF A SMALL TORTOISE.—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

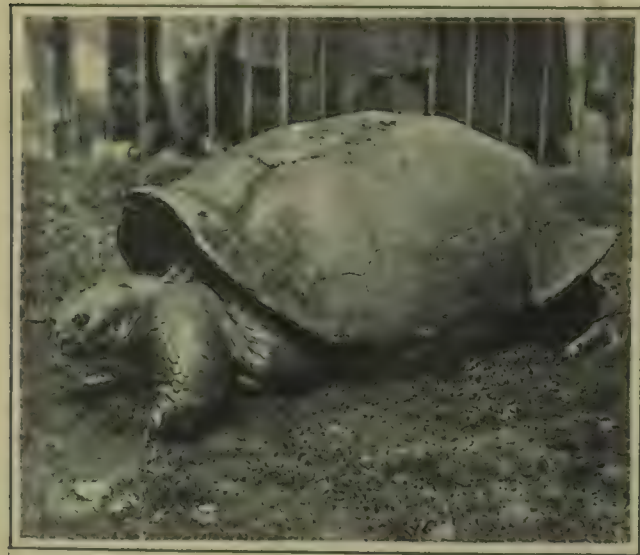


FIG. 2.—IN THE TRANSITION STAGE: BAUER'S TORTOISE—THE SHELL APPROACHING TO THE UNPROTECTED ABINGDON ISLAND TORTOISE.

This type (*Testudo galapagoensis*) exhibits an approach to the change in the shell structure. It shows a reversal from the rule of the species which has the shell bent down, before and behind, thus protecting vulnerable parts.

Photograph by F. W. Dond.

been found in association with bones of *Æpyornis*, hippopotamus, and cattle. Two or three species are recognisable. But on the Aldabras, Seychelles, Reunion, Mauritius, and Rodriguez, as well as on a considerable number of smaller islands, whereon the coral soil produced enough vegetation to assure them a sufficiency of food, the extermination of these Mascarin tortoises was brought about by raids made by mariners. As supplies on the larger islands dwindled, the smaller islands were laid under contribution. This inter-insular transport was pursued without regard to consequences. In 1759 four small vessels were set apart for the purpose of bringing tortoises from Rodriguez to Mauritius. One vessel carried a cargo of 6000. In eighteen months no less than 30,000 had been thus transported! As a result, by the beginning of the last century all the islands of the Indian Ocean had been practically cleared. Only one spot remains where survivors may still exist—the South Island of the Aldabran atoll.

The great size of some of these creatures may be gathered from the weight of a specimen (Fig. 3) from North Aldabra Island, which turned the scale at 870 lb., and is now in the British Museum.

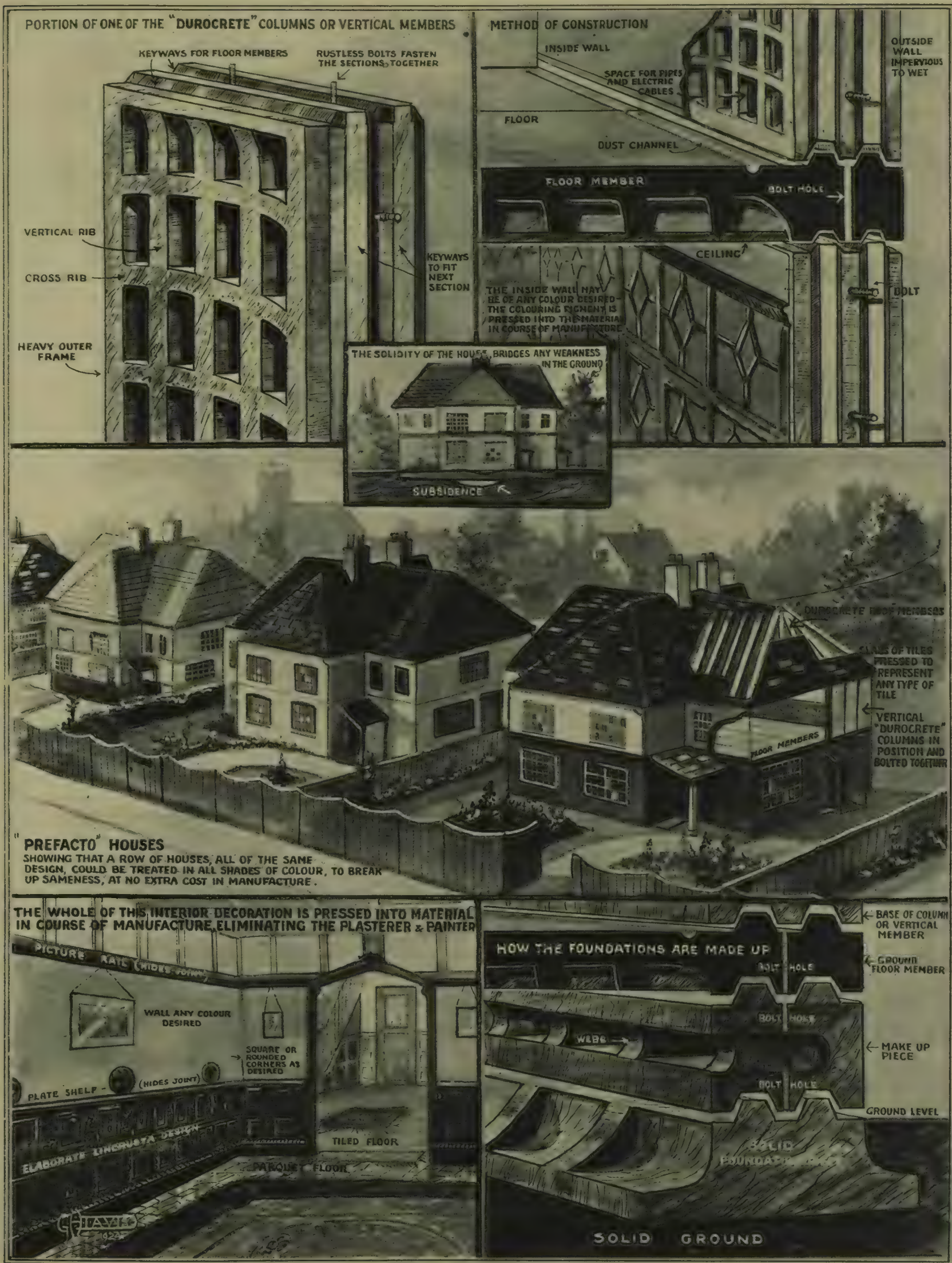
Rodriguez, and certain of the Galapagos species, are remarkable for the extreme thinness of their shells.

But one of the most remarkable of all is the Abingdon Island tortoise. For in the tortoise tribe it is the rule for the shell to be bent down before and behind, so that an aperture is left no larger than sufficient to admit the protrusion and retraction of the head and tail, thus protecting all vulnerable parts. But in this species, shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 1), the anterior aperture of the shell was enormously large, leaving the most vital parts of the body fully exposed. Only where there was no danger of attack could such a remarkable change of structure have taken place. One sees an approach to this change in Bauer's Tortoise (*Testudo galapagoensis*) (Fig. 2).

In all these giants the fundamental structure of the shell was normal. That is to say, the bony shell was formed by the usual fusion between ribs and "dermal" plates; and these were overlain by horny scutes having a totally different arrangement. This much is seen in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 4), where five horny scutes are seen overlying nine bony plates, down the middle of the shell; while four horny scutes overlies eight bony plates along each side. A similar arrangement is seen in regard to the small lateral plates which form the margin of the shell.

HOUSE-BUILDING WITHOUT BRICKLAYER, SLATER, PAINTER, OR DECORATOR.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM DETAILS SUPPLIED BY THE AIRSHIP GUARANTEE CO., LTD.



BUILT OF DUROCRETE, A NEW SUBSTANCE COMBINING THE QUALITIES OF CONCRETE AND WOOD :

"PREFACTO" HOUSES AND THEIR COMPONENT PARTS.

We illustrate here a remarkable new method of house-building devised to solve the problem of the housing shortage. The type of dwelling is known as the "Prefacto" house, and the material used is called "Durocrete," which combines the hardness, impermeability, and durability of the best concrete with the toughness and the resilience of wood. It weighs only two-thirds as much as ordinary concrete, though much stronger, and can thus be easily handled and transported. The whole house can be constructed in small complete units, under factory conditions, and then conveyed to the site, where it is quickly erected. A Prefacto house, it is claimed, can be built in a week, and will endure for ever; while the cost is only one-fifth of that of a brick-built house. Owing to the element of wood in it, Durocrete is free from the "sweating" which is an objection to ordinary concrete, and, unlike that, is warm to the

touch. It can be made in many artistic colours, and thus a pleasing variety can be obtained in the appearance of houses, as shown in our central diagram. Moreover, much of the interior decoration can be done in the factory. Thus the bricklayer, slater, painter, and decorator are practically eliminated, their work being transferred to other trades. The weight of a Durocrete house being only a third or a quarter of a similar one in brick or concrete, the foundations need not be nearly so deep. Should there be subsidence of soil at any point beneath the house—which, if bricks had been used, would cause the walls to crack—the whole structure, very strong through the interlocking of its units, acts as a bridge over the weak spot. Water and gas pipes and electric wires are all run in the hollow space between the outer wall and the inner lining. Durocrete is fireproof.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"GLORIOUS GOODWOOD" IN 1924: A FINISH AT THE FAMOUS END-OF-THE-SEASON MEETING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



A TRUNDLE HILL VIEW OF THE RACING AT GOODWOOD:

The Goodwood race meeting, the last great social event of the season, opened on July 29. The King and Queen arrived at Goodwood House on the evening of the 28th, as guests of the Duke of Richmond, whose daughter, the Duchess of Northumberland, acted as hostess for the occasion. The race for the Stewards' Cup on the first day aroused especial interest from the fact that his Majesty's horse Weatherlane was running in it, and was much fancied. Among other Royal visitors expected to attend the meeting was King George of Greece. Many important house parties were arranged at various



A PANORAMA OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL COURSE IN ENGLAND.

neighbouring country seats, including that of the Duchess of Norfolk at Arundel Castle, and it was thought that, with favourable weather, this year's Goodwood might eclipse even Ascot in brilliance. Polo matches, as usual, were a feature of the Goodwood Week, and there were also many garden parties. An interesting fact in connection with the racing was the prevalence of the woman owner, for it was stated that more than a hundred of the horses entered were owned by women. The course at Goodwood is considered to be the most beautiful in England. Our view is taken from the famous Trundle Hill.

The Templars of the Temple: Faith and Law.

"THE HISTORY OF THE TEMPLE, LONDON." By J. BRUCE WILLIAMSON.*

WHEN Pope Urban II., moved by the pleading of Peter the Hermit, published the first Crusade, and the Assembly at Clermont cried "Dieu le veut!"; when God alone was before the eyes of those of many peoples who deserted field and farm and city to take the reddened road to Jerusalem and wrest the Holy Places from the defiling hands of the Infidel; then may be said to have begun the story of the New Temple, in London, now the haunt of Professors and Students of the Inns of Court. Truly, the Reign of Faith which preceded the Reign of Law there dates from some three-and-twenty years later; but it came into being as a direct result of the hazardous journeyings of those devoted six millions who answered the call and, weapon in hand and shield on shoulder, or as simple bearers of staff and wallet and scallop shell, dwelt in jeopardy that they might at once honour and be honoured.

The manner of it was this. The Crusaders had won Nicæa, Antioch, and Jerusalem; Godfrey de Bouillon, Baron of the Holy Sepulchre, had ruled his year, crownless in fitting deference to the circlet of thorns; Baldwin I. had been King and Baldwin II. had succeeded. But the forces of the Faithful could not cope with the many marauding bands of dispossessed Seljuk Turks who harassed and despoiled the seekers of merit. "Distressed by the sufferings thus occasioned, a Burgundian and a French Knight, Hugh de Payens and Godfrey de St. Omer, resolved to dedicate their lives to the service of the pilgrims, and give them protection by arms from the robbery and violence to which they were exposed. Renouncing accordingly all earthly ambition, they elected to live like ecclesiastics under regular rule after the order of St. Augustine, and took upon themselves before the Patriarch of Jerusalem the vows of chastity, poverty and obedience. As they had no fixed place of abode, Baldwin II., King of Jerusalem, gave them a residence within the precincts of his own palace on Mount Moriah near the church known as the Temple of Solomon. . . . From their sacrifice of all worldly advantage, and this the first place of their settlement, they became known as the poor fellow-soldiers of Christ and the Temple of Solomon (*Pauperes Commilitones Christi et Templi Salomonis*). Thus was founded in 1118 the famous Brotherhood of Soldier Monks—the Knights of the Temple."

Recruiting was depressingly slow: nine years saw them strengthened by seven! Then Bernard of Clairvaux drew up for them the Code sanctioned by the Council of Troyes, and Pope Honorius II. gave them the distinctive habit of the white mantle, emblematic of purity and innocence, to which Pope Eugenius III. was to add the red cross, seal and badge of martyrdom. The Papal patronage meant everything. Numbers increased rapidly, and "the original object of the founders became merged in wider duties, till, with the Companion Order of the Hospitallers (reconstituted after their example on a military basis), they became the standing Army of the Cross and the bulwark in the East of the Catholic Faith." And James of Vitry, Bishop of Acre, wrote of them: "Lions in war they are as docile as lambs in the cloister; stern soldiers in the field, in the church they are as hermits and monks. To the enemies of Christ hard and fierce, but to Christians benign and gentle. The battle flag borne before them, which they call *beaucéant*, is two-coloured, white and black, proclaiming that to the friends of Christ they are radiant and kindly, but to His enemies dark and terrible. . . ."

Of such were the men who came to England somewhere about 1128 and built headquarters in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, near the north end of the modern Chancery Lane; with a church

of Caen stone, round after the pattern of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

Time passed, and as it sped the Knights outgrew their first house. Therefore, they sold it for a hundred marks and a small annual payment by way of rent service. And they moved to a site by the Thames upon which they set up their New Temple, the present Temple Church, consecrated on the 10th of February, 1185, "in honour of the blessed Mary by the Lord

by armed force and ecclesiastical sanctity." Their store-house became a national treasury.

As a consequence, greed and, perhaps, the natural envy of others were to end the Order. Their "great honour and opulency" were their downfall.

The attack was launched in various countries, some of whom agreed to it, some of whom were aghast. The Holy Land had been lost and the Templars and the Hospitallers had fled from it.

Pope Clement V. was at Avignon, a puppet in the hands of Philippe le Bel, a King planning destruction and confiscation.

The first charge was from France. The Knights were unpopular with the clergy, but their services to the Cross had been such that the Crown dare not proceed to open violence "unless more could be alleged against them than their riches and immunities." The way was open. "Alone of all the religious Orders their Chapters and admissions were secret; and why secret, it might well be asked, if there was nothing to conceal?"

Hence eighty-seven accusations—amongst them those of denying Christ and spitting on the Cross, at reception; of indecency and immorality, of the wearing of cords or belts consecrated to idolatry, of the worshipping of idols (including a cat) in their Chapters, and of "disbelief in the Sacraments of the altar and absolution from sin by the Master and Preceptors, being laymen only."

Examinations were many and protracted. In France, certainly, torture was used; in England almost certainly, although the Southern Council advocated that torture should not be applied in such a way as to "permanently mutilate any limb or cause violent effusion of blood." Needless to say, confessions were thus obtained; and in due time there "closed in England the career of the once rich and splendid Order of the Knights of the Temple." "The great crime of the Middle Ages" had been done. Finally, on May 6th, 1312, the Order was dissolved. "The chief cause of their ruin was their extraordinary wealth. . . . It is quarrel and cause enough to bring a sheep that is fat to the slaughter. We may believe that King Philip would never have took away their lives, if he might have took their lands without putting them to death; but the mischief was he could not get the honey unless he burned the bees." Thus Thomas Fuller.

As to the "goodly large and magnificent house" of the Templars in England, that was seized, and the King treated the New Temple as if it had reverted to the Crown. On December 15th, 1312, he granted it to his cousin, Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. Thence it passed to Thomas Earl of Lancaster, to the Crown, to de Valence again, to Hugh Despenser the Younger, and to the Knights of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, who received it from a Parliament who gave it "for the health of their souls and the discharge of their consciences." Disputes as to the consecrated and unconsecrated parts followed, and those places were divided one from the other. Then, in consideration of £100, the Prior came into possession of the unconsecrated as well as the consecrated, holding it in *frankalmoin*. Follows a period when the Temple passed out of history, until, while maintaining the Church and its services, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem leased the remainder of the property to William de Langeford. Again a blank; and "all that can safely be said is that seventy years after the suppression of the Order [of the Knights Templar] by

Pope Clement V., Apprentices of the Law were settled in the New Temple."

The subsequent story of the two Learned and Honourable Societies of the Temple, to the close of the Stuart Period, is one of profound interest, and it loses nothing of its fascination in the pages of Mr. Bruce Williamson's book, for the author has erudition and clarity allied with love of subject and of research. "The Temple, London," cannot fail in its appeal, whether it be to layman, man of law, or man of letters.

E. H. G.



FROM THE THAMES, IN 1720: THE TEMPLE DURING THE "REIGN OF THE LAW."

Reproduced from "The Temple, London."

Heraclius by the grace of God Patriarch of the Church of the Holy Resurrection." Of all that they built nothing now remains, save this *Novum Templum*. All is dust but "a square vaulted chamber at the west end of the modern Inner Temple Hall, with another of like dimensions beneath the first, both strongly built of stone and having walls of great thickness; the lower one being now used as a wine store!"

Well might it have been otherwise, had the Order kept to the strict letter of their vows. "Poverty," however, was the poverty of the individual, not of the institution; riches accumulated and the worldly



SHOWING THE HALL COURT AND THE FOUNTAIN, WITH THE IRON RAILINGS ERECTED IN 1715: THE MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL.

From the Painting by Jos. Nichols. Reproduced from "The Temple, London."

power that riches give. The Knights, "poor fellow-soldiers of Christ," became not only the financial agents of the Crusades, but the bankers and advisers of Kings and Princes. Their network of estates enmeshed Christendom, and their huge organisation made them natural channels for the conduct of business affairs, exchangers of foreign moneys, collectors of the tenth known as the Saladin tithe, probably—it was in 1188—the first tax levied upon personal property in England, and guardians of bullion and precious things, with "the double protection afforded

* "The History of the Temple, London, From the Institution of the Order of the Knights of the Temple to the Close of the Stuart Period." Compiled from the Original Records of the Two Learned and Honourable Societies of the Temple, by J. Bruce Williamson, of the Middle Temple. (John Murray; 21s. net.)

AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE RODEO: BRONK-RIDING AT WEMBLEY.

SKETCHES MADE IN THE STADIUM BY CHARLES SIMPSON, R.I., R.O.I. PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY COURTESY OF THE ARLINGTON GALLERY.



A Bronk charges the wire.



Ruth Roach on "Roaney."



A Flying Buck.



W. O'Groat knocked out.



*One of the amateurs:
R. V. Ellison of Abingdon.*



Tad Barnes.



The Bronk falls.



Rescuing rider after the whistle blows.



Bumping.



Dorothy Morrell on "Big Enough."



Kenneth Cooper parting company from "Dixieland."



John Lawhead on "Black Thunder."

Mr. Charles Simpson, the well-known artist, recently exhibited at the Arlington Gallery in Old Bond Street a collection of 126 sketches of the great International Rodeo at Wembley, made by him during the actual contests in the arena, or in the corral at the back of the Stadium. The largest number of sketches—fifty in all—deal with bronk-riding, and we reproduce above twelve of the most remarkable of these. For the benefit of those who did not see the contests, the catalogue notes: "The rules of bronk-riding are that the single rope rein

must be held in one hand six inches above the saddle . . . the rider's feet must touch the horse's shoulders at the start, and be swung backwards and forwards during bucking; no hold must be obtained by the feet or spurs. The rider's free hand must be raised. The conditions governing cowgirls' bronk-riding are the same, except that a double rein is used. The bronk-ride is terminated when the whistle is blown, and the rider is assisted by mounted cowboys to get clear of his horse. This signal is not given until the horse has ceased bucking."

THE £100,000 PAGEANT OF THE EMPIRE: ACTING HISTORY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL-GRAY, C.

KEYSTONE VIEW CO., AND TOPICAL.



WITH GROUPS OF PERFORMERS EXECUTING WELL-DRILLED MOVEMENTS, AND OLD AUSTRALIAN VEHICLES IN THE FOREGROUND: PART OF THE FINAL SCENE, THE EMPIRE'S THANKSGIVING.



IN THE DAYS OF POWDER AND PATCH: SCENE OF THE THIRD SECTION.



WAR WITH THE MAORIS: A DRAMATIC SCENE IN THE THIRD SECTION OF THE PAGEANT, REPRESENTING THE DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT OF NEW ZEALAND.



WITH A MONSTROUS MOUTH AS THEIR "STAGE": MUMMERS OF THE TIME OF HENRY VII. IN THE OPENING SCENE OF "WESTWARD HO!" THE FIRST PART OF THE PAGEANT.



THE GRAND FINALE OF THE PAGEANT: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PERFORMERS AND SOLDIERS OF CROWNED.



THE COURT OF GEORGE III.—THE OPENING OF THE PAGEANT—"SOUTHWARD HO!"



THE ARRIVAL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AT OLD MARLBOROUGH, AND WOLFE, THE COURT OF GEORGE III. (LEFT FOREGROUND), AND INDIAN ELEPHANTS (LEFT BACKGROUND).



TWO OF THE HEAVY "PROPERTIES," WHICH COST IN ALL £10,000: OLD ST. PAUL'S (FOR THE ELIZABETHAN SCENE) REFLECTED IN THE ARTIFICIAL LAKE USED IN OTHER EPISODES.



VIEW OF THE LAST SCENE IN THE THIRD PART, SHOWING WARRIORS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT, INCLUDING CRUSADERS (RIGHT FOREGROUND) MARLBOROUGH, AND WOLFE, THE COURT OF GEORGE III. (LEFT FOREGROUND), AND INDIAN ELEPHANTS (LEFT BACKGROUND).

The Pageant of Empire at Wembley, which is the greatest spectacle of its kind that has ever been organised, includes 12,000 performers, and occupies three days for its complete presentation. The first day's section, entitled "Westward Ho!" begins with the Court of Henry VII., and shows the departure of Sebastian Cabot from Bristol, followed by the discovery and settlement of Newfoundland and Canada. The second day's section, "Eastward Ho!" opens in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and shows the return of Drake after the defeat of the Armada, and later, the naval achievements of Robert Blake, and the settlement of South Africa and of India. The latter episode includes a state procession of the Armada, and later, the naval achievements of Robert Blake, and the settlement of South Africa and of India. The third day's section, "Southward Ho!" begins with a picture of the Court of George III. Subsequent episodes show Captain Cook setting out on one of his voyages, the discovery of New Zealand and Australia, war with the Maoris, the foundation of Sydney, the growth of the Australian wool industry, and the opening of the first Commonwealth Parliament. Then comes a scene representing warriors of the past and present by land and sea, and the whole

Pageant concludes with a grand finale called the Empire's Thanksgiving. Owing to bad weather and the extension of the Rodeo season for another week, the production of the Pageant was somewhat delayed. After some dress rehearsals, the first public performance was given in the Stadium on July 25. It consisted of the second section, "Eastward Ho!" The third section, "Southward Ho!" was given on the following day, and it was arranged to produce the first section, "Westward Ho!" on a later day. The opening performances were somewhat marred by rain, as regards colour, but showed how well the performers had been drilled by the Pageant master-in-chief, Mr. Frank Lascelles, and his assistants. The production of the Pageant has been very expensive. It will cost £100,000, of which the Government has contributed £65,000, while Sir Harold Bowden has guaranteed £33,000. The expenses include £20,000 for costumes, £12,000 for scenery, about £10,000 for heavy properties, such as the artificial lake, the cathedral front and naval barges; and £6,000 for music. It will not be possible to recover much of the expenditure from the public, as 10,000 seats in the Stadium are free, and none of the others costs more than four shillings.

THE KING'S YACHT AT COWES: A TYPICAL REGATTA SCENE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A.



SOON TO BE THE CENTRE OF INTEREST AGAIN IN THE GREAT YACHTING FESTIVAL: THE KING'S FAMOUS CUTTER, "BRITANNIA," LEADING IN A RACE AT A FORMER REGATTA AT COWES.

Everyone in the yachting world rejoiced when it was announced, a few months ago, that the King had decided after all to race his famous cutter, "Britannia," at Cowes this year. She had previously been withdrawn owing to apparent lack of competition in the class for big yachts. The Regatta is to be held from August 4 to 8. Mr. Mason's picture shows a general view of the course for the week's events, when Cowes Roads present a very busy and animated scene. The "Britannia" is seen above (in the foreground), close-hauled on the tack to the

eastward mark. Usually the race for vessels of her class is over a distance of some forty miles. To the initiated eye inspecting Mr. Mason's sketch, it will be apparent that the King is on board "Britannia," for the escort destroyer, which in such circumstances is always in close attendance to leeward, will be observed at the extreme right of the picture. On the extreme left is seen the mark boat, with two guard-ships immediately to the right of it. The drawing, of course, shows a race in an earlier regatta.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

TO BE SEEN IN RELIEF: A DERBYSHIRE BEAUTY SPOT.

This Reproduction will appear in full Stereoscopic Relief when viewed at through the Viewing-Mask with Red and Green Lenses. Many Thousands of which we have Distributed. Such Masks can be obtained Gratis. —See page 250



NEAR THE HILL OF "JACOB'S LADDER": WATERFALLS BY THE RIVER NOE.

These waterfalls are near the source of the River Noe and are familiar to many walkers on the Derbyshire moors. The road to Edale Cross and thence to Hayfield zig-zags up the hill in the background, in whose green,

rounded slopes are the foot-prints of generations of passers-by, forming the so-called "Jacob's Ladder." The falls are halfway between Edale and Hayfield, and not many miles from Buxton.

STEREO-Photograph by F. Toller; Prepared for Anaglyph Reproduction by "The Illustrated London News."



PAGEANTRY OF EMPIRE: INDIA—"DOMINIONS OF THE SUN."

FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY CAPTAIN G. SPENCER-PRYSE, M.C.

THE HUMOUR OF J. A. SHEPHERD.

FROM THE DRAWING BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



"THREE FOR A WEDDING": MAGPIES—FOR LUCK.

It is, perhaps, appropriate that Mr. Shepherd should deal with three magpies at the moment, for the third "Magpie" is just out—by which we mean the Summer Number of the remarkably entertaining shilling Holiday Magazine of that name! As to the "Three for a Wedding" of our title, that is

in allusion to the old rhyme, familiar to most in youth, "One's sorrow, Two's mirth, Three's a wedding, Four's a birth, Five's a christening, Six a dearth, Seven's heaven, Eight is hell, and Nine's the devil his an sel."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BUDDHISM'S GREATEST MONUMENT—IN JAVA: THE BORO-BUDUR.



LEADING TO THE TOP OF THE SHRINE: A STAIRWAY, WITH ITS RICHLY ORNAMENTED DOORWAY; AUTHENTIC AND UNALTERED, BUT RECONSTRUCTED.

The restoration of the Boro-Budur, in Java, which has been proceeding for a goodly number of years, has been finished. The age of the shrine is a matter for conjecture: authorities differ. From about A.D. 750 to 850 the Hindu kings of the Sailendra Dynasty reigned in Central Java. As they were adherents of Northern Buddhism (the Mahayana creed), it is likely that this, Buddhism's greatest monument, was erected during their rule. The only shrine (stupa) of its kind in Java, it surpasses all Indian Buddhist monuments in its conception, its construction and its beauty of ornamentation. Supposing it to have been begun about A.D. 750,

it must have been in use for less than two centuries, after which Central Java was deserted and tropical vegetation grew over the building. By 1710, it is said, even the Javans were unaware of its existence. The present restoration is due to the Dutch Government, which ordered a photographic survey in 1907, and placed the work under the control of Colonel of Engineers Th. van Erp. The richly ornamented gateway here shown is one of four which cuts the terraces on the sides of the building, making way for stairways which mount from the ground level straight to the top of the monument.

LOST; FOUND AND CLEARED BY ENGLISH; RESTORED BY THE DUTCH: THE BORO-BUDUR AS IT WAS AND AS RECONSTRUCTED.

BEFORE THE
RECONSTRUCTION:
THE STUPA WITH
ITS SEVEN TERRACES
AND ITS FIFTY-FOOT
HIGH RELIC SHRINE.
(FOR COMPARISON
WITH THE PHOTO-
GRAPH BELOW.)

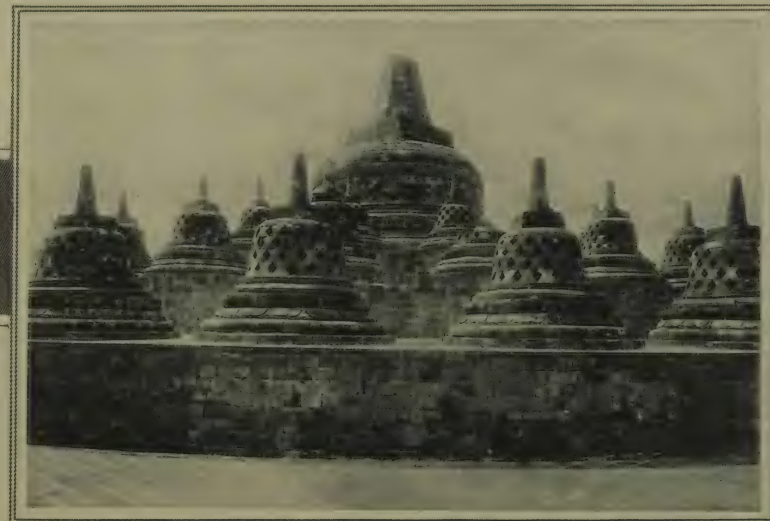


BEFORE THE
RECONSTRUCTION:
THE CIRCULAR
UPPER TERRACES
SURMOUNTED BY
THE DOMED AND
SPIRED RELIC
SHRINE, AND THE
SEVENTY-TWO
LATTICED CUPOLAS
FOR BUDDHAS.
(FOR COMPARISON
WITH THE PHOTO-
GRAPH BELOW.)



AFTER RECONSTRUCTION:
THE STUPA
WITH ITS TERRACES
AND RELIC SHRINE
AUTHENTIC AND
UNALTERED, BUT
RESTORED. (FOR
COMPARISON WITH
THE PHOTOGRAPH
ABOVE.)

AFTER RECONSTRUCTION:
THE CIRCULAR UPPER
TERRACES SUR-
MOUNTED BY THE
RELIC SHRINE
SURROUNDED BY
LATTICE-WORK
CUPOLAS, EACH
CONTAINING A
FIGURE OF BUDDHA.
(FOR COMPARISON
WITH THE PHOTO-
GRAPH ABOVE.)



Somewhere about the year 930 A.D., the decay of civilisation set in in Central Java: faith went; and the Boro-Budur was deserted: tropical vegetation spread over what is described as "the greatest monument of Buddhism." When, in the sixteenth century, Mohammedan rule was being established, the Boro-Budur continued to be neglected, being but a monument of the past! So, for hundreds of years, the sculptured galleries were choked with earth and rubbish, and cattle pastured daily where the Buddhist pilgrims had trodden. From an account given by Colonel van Erp, it appears that "the *stupa* was built up in a series of terraces on a natural hill. The four lower terraces are square, each bordered by a balustrade. The inner walls and gallery balustrades are decorated with some 1300 panels in high relief illustrating holy texts that tell the story of the life of Buddha. . . . The difference between the four lower terraces, with their lavish decoration and wealth of detail, and the strict simplicity of the upper part of the structure has a deep significance, and demonstrates the subtle climax of the artist's conception." There are 432 niches on the cornices of the various terraces, each containing a Buddha. An official and

detailed description of the temple states that "the three upper terraces are circular and are surmounted by the supreme centre shrine, a domed and spired dagoba or relic shrine, 50 ft. high. This is surrounded by 72 smaller lattice-work cupolas, each containing a figure of Buddha. . . . Throughout, the aim of the restoration was to preserve what remained and to prevent further decay. In the first place, the drainage of the building had to be repaired. For this purpose it was necessary to lay new floors to the three circular terraces and nearly all the galleries. . . . During the excavation of the surrounding land, it was found that many of the stones thought to be lost were lying buried. About seven months was occupied in sorting the many thousands of sculptured pieces. All were replaced, and the next step was to repair the parts essential to the character of the monument. . . . Thus it is clear that the horizontal lines, especially the cornices, form the predominating feature of this terrace-structure. An effort was made to fill in the gaps in these lines, and in this way the stupa recovered something of its original symmetry." The photographs show the marked success of the restorer's efforts.

SEEN FROM THE AIR: THE BORO-BUDUR AS RESTORED BY THE DUTCH.



AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: THE BORO-BUDUR; ITS SQUARE TERRACES AND ITS CIRCULAR TERRACES, ITS LATTICE-WORK CUPOLAS FOR BUDDHAS, AND ITS DOMINATING RELIC SHRINE.

When the history of the Boro-Budur is remembered, the nature of the reconstruction will be appreciated. Its modern history forms the subject of a monograph published by the Dutch Government. When, in 1814, Britain occupied Java, Governor Sir Stamford Raffles sent an engineer to Boro-Budur to clear the ruin and to make the first architectural plans and description. In 1850 a second survey was carried out by Dutch scientists. But not until 1907 did the Dutch Government order a complete photographic survey, and take precautions to prevent further dilapidation. Colonel of Engineers Th. van Erp was put in

charge of this work. The first beginnings of Buddhist art showed in the third century B.C., and when Buddhism began to be supplanted by Mahomedanism, an opposite teaching, Boro-Budur, like other monuments to the faith, was forgotten and all but obliterated. An authentic account of the reconstruction states that: "Buddhism and monumental religious sculpture have disappeared from Java, and to counterfeit the decoration would have been to falsify an historical document. The Boro-Budur, therefore, stands an authentic and unaltered but reconstructed memorial to a glorious past."

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: EVENTS AND PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, THE "TIMES," AND C.N. MR. CHARLES SIMS'S PICTURE REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST.



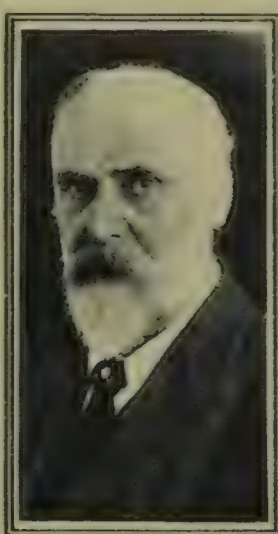
THE FIRST BOLSHEVIST WAR-SHIP TO VISIT A BRITISH PORT: THE RUSSIAN SOVIET UNION SLOOP "VOROVSKY," FLYING THE SOVIET FLAG, AT PLYMOUTH.



TEST MATCH SPECTATORS PROTEST AT OLD TRAFFORD: A CROWD OUTSIDE THE PAVILION DEMANDING RESUMPTION OF PLAY, STOPPED BY RAIN.



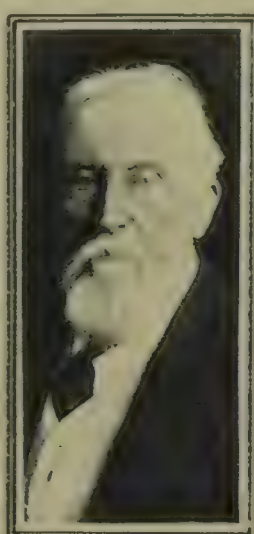
A FAMOUS ITALIAN PIANIST AND COMPOSER: THE LATE SIGNOR BUSONI.



RESIDENT ARCHITECT AT WINDSOR CASTLE: THE LATE MR. A. Y. NUTT.



CHAIRMAN, METROPOLITAN ASYLUMS BOARD: THE LATE MR. W. EICKHOFF.



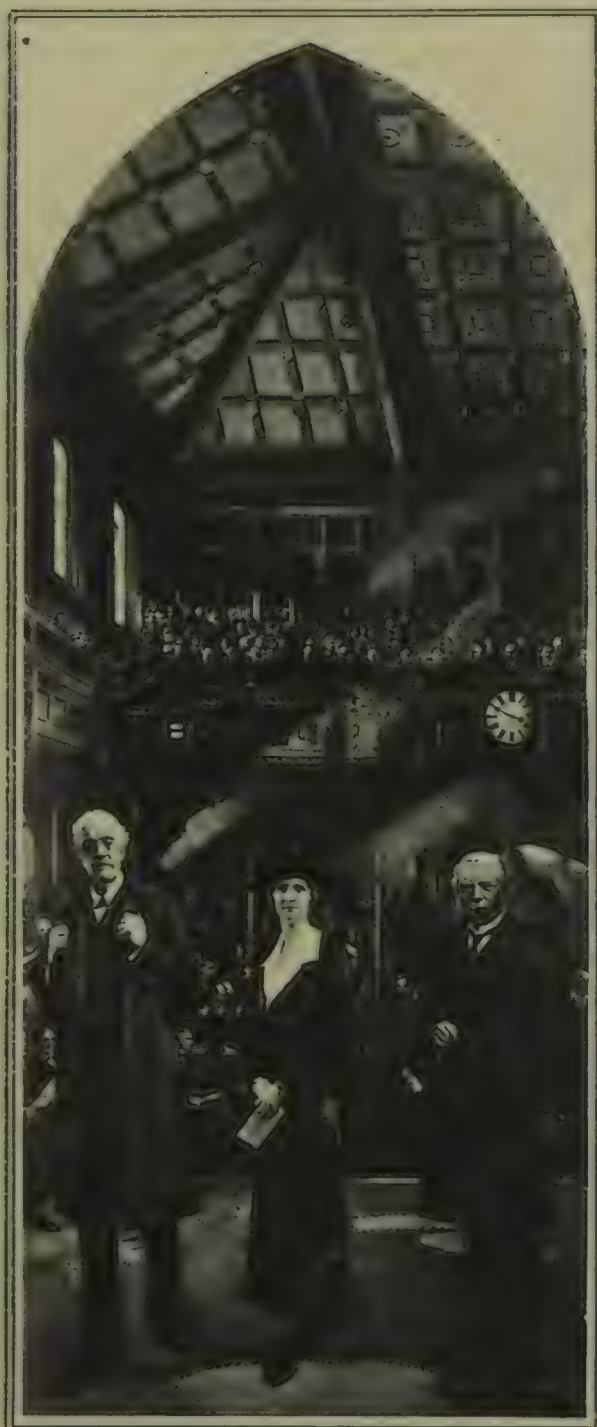
A DISTINGUISHED SCULPTOR: THE LATE MR. ALBERT BRUCE-JOY, R.H.A.



RECENTLY UNVEILED BY PRINCE GEORGE: THE NAVAL MEMORIAL ON PLYMOUTH HOE.



THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL: DR. DAVID KNEELING AT THE ALTAR IN THE NEWLY CONSECRATED CATHEDRAL.



COMMEMORATING THE FIRST WOMAN TO SIT IN PARLIAMENT: MR. CHARLES SIMS'S PICTURE OF LADY ASTOR, M.P., INTRODUCED BY LORD BALFOUR AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

The Russian Soviet sloop "Vorovsky," used as a training-ship, arrived at Plymouth on July 25, for a five days' visit, during her voyage from Archangel to Vladivostock. Her commander, Captain Maximoff, exchanged official calls with Rear-Admiral H. L. P. Heard.—On the opening day of the fourth Test Match, begun at Old Trafford on July 26; the crowd protested against the decision of the umpires that the ground was unfit for play after a heavy shower.—Signor F. B. Busoni died in Berlin on July 27. He was born near Florence in 1866.—Mr. Alfred Young Nutt first entered the Office of Works at Windsor Castle in 1867.—Mr. Walter Eickhoff was for many years Chairman of the Bethnal Green Board of Guardians.—Mr. Albert Bruce-Joy, the sculptor, has left statues

and busts of many famous men, including King Edward, whose death-mask he made.—The Naval War Memorial on Plymouth Hoe, unveiled by Prince George on July 29, is one of three identical monuments erected at the manning posts of the Navy, the other two being at Chatham and Portsmouth.—The Right Rev. A. A. David, D.D., who was appointed Bishop of Liverpool last year, was enthroned in the newly consecrated cathedral there (recently illustrated in our pages) on July 25.—The painting by Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., of Lady Astor, M.P., introduced to the House of Commons by Lord Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George, commemorates a historic occasion, as she was the first woman Member to take her seat in Parliament. It is hung within the precincts of Westminster.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

ONE can quite imagine that the first of all of us women must be glad and thankful that the Empire season is over. Many members of our sex have worked hard over it, none so hard as the first lady in the land. To her Majesty, as to no one else, must the great success of these months of brilliant hospitalities offered to Overseas visitors afford a special gratification, for the King has no one more loyal and devoted than his Consort, a lady who learned years ago the value to the Empire of her Dominions overseas, all of which she has visited. Goodwood and Cowes the Queen enjoys for the fine air and delightful surroundings that both possess. The Queen never tires of motoring in the Isle of Wight, and feels the benefit of a stay there.

The Duke and Duchess of York have, I hear, returned from Ireland immensely impressed with the loyalty of the Province of Ulster. Wherever they went they were received with the greatest enthusiasm. It must have been a pleasure to the Duchess of York to have for hostess so close a girlhood's friend as Lady Katharine Hamilton, who took her mother's place at Baronscourt, the Duchess of Abercorn having been ordered a complete rest. It is a beautiful place, and filled with beautiful things. Disraeli wrote of it and of the seven beautiful daughters of the first Duke of Abercorn—in which of his novels I do not now remember. Lady Katharine Hamilton loves her Northern Irish home, and must have enjoyed showing it to her most intimate friend.

The Marchioness of Titchfield and the Marchioness of Londonderry are anxious to make it known that they have been lucky enough to secure new premises at 12, Orchard Street for the sale and exhibition of work done by the War Service Legion Guild of Sailor and Soldier Broderers. Until now the Guild has had no window in which to display this really beautiful work, and the practical and up-to-date things to which it is applied. It has, therefore, been seriously handicapped. Anyone now visiting the shop can see the men at work executing orders, and can see their own ideas drawn out by a clever draughtsman who has

purchase an attractive souvenir for a modest half-crown, and a useful one at that. The flags of the Dominions suspended inside the Government Pavilions were made by the men of the Guild. They make the work-bags used by the Queen, and frequently given



Chinchilla, the most beautiful and costly of furs, has been used to border this slender coat of gleaming satin, whose birthplace is Paris.

by her Majesty as presents; and the Queen and Princess Mary have given several orders and always make many purchases at the annual sales, for which the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry lend their picture gallery—and hitherto the only opportunity for showing the variety and scope of the beautiful and distinctive work done by the men.

The Prince of Wales did a charming thing in deciding to hold the League of Mercy Garden Party when one of the worst thunderstorms London has known had barely cleared up. His Royal Highness knew that many people had come distances to attend, and so, despite the statement on the cards that "If wet the party will not take place," it was wet and the party did take place. At first everyone huddled for shelter under the verandah of the palace and under the marquees; waiters flitted to and fro with collars turned up and lapels carefully folded over "boiled shirts," as our rancher friends call them. The Royal Artillery Band, sheltered under part of the verandah, played away cheerily and delightfully. Conditions improved, and then the Prince arrived, and thenceforward all was well. He shook hands with nearly everyone present, and all smilingly and pleasantly; and when the Maori royalties came along he spoke a word or two to them in their own language. He had met the old Maori king in New Zealand. When his Majesty divested himself of a royal cape of feathers and presented it to the Prince, leaving him immaculately dressed for a garden party European style, the Prince looked delighted. He, happily, did not know enough Maori to promise to wear the royal cape at the next Court function! Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll and Princess Helena Victoria were prevented by the weather from attending.

American lawyers are not of the learned and often rather ascetic cast of countenance of our own legal luminaries, but they are a fine-looking set of men, more near to nature than ours, and very happy over here. They say that seeing the store set by our lawyers in this country gives them a greater pride in their own profession. Their ladies are a really nice-looking lot of our sex, and not a scrap self-conscious. So far from belittling this country, they are enthusiastic in

their admiration for it. Being at the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace was the corner-stone on their entertainment here. The Queen would have been amused, and a little gratified too, being one of us as well as our Queen, could she have heard all the expressions of admiration for her and pleasure in her gracious way by her guests. There was no legal caution about it at all; it was heartfelt and openly spoken. Mrs. Hughes and Mr. Secretary of State Hughes are a very fine-looking pair, and Mrs. Hughes understands and practises the gentle art of dressing well.

There were several well-known polo players at the wedding of Major and Mrs. Phipps Hornby at St. Mark's, Audley Street. An unwelcome attendance was that of a severe thunderstorm, which made the getting away from the church a matter of difficulty. The bridal procession was really beautiful. There were four grown-up and four child bridesmaids, all in green and wearing wreaths of shamrocks with silver caps. Then there were a very handsome wee boy and a lovely wee girl carrying the train, the boy in a long-trousered, short-waisted suit of pale-green satin, the girl also in green. They were cousins, Master Bill Lawson, son of Lieut.-Colonel E. F. and Mrs. Lawson, and Miss Felicity Harrison, one of the daughters of Major John and Mrs. Harrison; they fulfilled their pretty task very prettily. The bride is a charming looking girl of quite Irish type. That fine old sportswoman, the Hon. Mrs. Albert Brassey, is her grandmother, and she and her husband went to County Galway for their honeymoon. The call of Ireland to the Irish is very strong, and whatever politics the Galway folk have—usually those of the latest agitator who has taken their fancy—their hearts are true to their own people.

The wedding of last week, that of Mr. and Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, had a distinctly Irish flavour. Lady Ursula has Irish blood from her mother's side of the house, and the Sankeys are a well-known Irish family, which has given good officers to both Services. Mr. Filmer-Sankey is in the Life Guards; his father



Paris introduces lace in many of the newest models—a vogue which is surely justified by this fascinating frock of black satin and grey georgette, boasting a panel of beautiful filet lace.

never had a drawing lesson. Recently they have worked new battle honours for the 10th Hussars, which have been cordially approved. They are now making six pipe banners in white silk. Overseas visitors will find the new shop full of interest, and can



A magnificent girdle of many-coloured beads enhances this Parisian dinner gown of lilac fulgurante.

was a Commander in the Navy. The young couple are alike in their love of horses and hunting, and Lady Ursula is tall, fair, blue-eyed, and resembled in her early girlhood that truly beautiful girl, her aunt who became Princess Pless. The reception after the wedding was at Grosvenor House.

A. E. L.



WINIFRED ARTHUR & VERA CLARKE.

" . . . through all the ages, the only universal tongue has been Music."

In the Trocadero Grillroom, you will find the most modern enunciation by VERA CLARKE, WINIFRED ARTHUR, and THE TROCADERO ORCHESTRA.

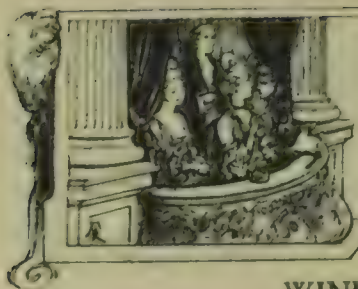
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J. LYONS & Co., Ltd., Proprietors.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



WINIFRED EMERY.—ERNEST BENDALL.—BENHAM'S "QUOTATIONS."

NO sooner did we learn the sad tidings that, at last, Winifred Emery's long sufferings had come to a fatal crisis than a pageant filed past our memory of sweet girls, of womanly women, of tender mothers: Mrs. Erroll, in "Fauntleroy"; Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister"; the heroine in "The Benefit of the Doubt"; later, her wonderful maternal figure in "Her Son" (by Vachell); and, truly last but not least, her matron in "The Betrothal"—a portrayal that moved us deeply, for already she was in the throes of pain, and her voice sounded sadness as well as infinite love. That was her greatest gift: she ever made the audience feel the real woman within her. But she had humour, too, and power. In comedy her manner was suave but trenchant. She could tease and trounce with a smile and a peculiar tangor of accent. In dramatic scenes there was a strange halt in her enunciation that heralded the coming storm, and when she unreined it, there was spell. Her emotion rose right from the heart; she was not acting, she lived the part in every fibre. The years have gone by, but the echo still rings—the voice was unforgettable. Hers was a wonderful career. Her parts cover pages, yet not one of them was a failure. In her youth the darling of the gods and all young men, she became in riper age the ideal mother on the stage. She looked it; she loved to play it; for it was herself. Tenderness and candour, a certain protective air, were the key-notes of her character on the stage and off. She never reached the apogee of her talent, for just as she approached greatness, illness began to sap her; when she reappeared after a long spell, her physical power was undermined. One felt the battle of mind and emotion with the nefarious agent within. Yet she would not give in: with almost superhuman serenity she played and played, until rest became imperative. But, an actress born and by inheritance, she could not sever her old associations. Whenever there was a rally, she rushed into the fray, and acting while acting, she tried to hide the havoc that sapped her life force. Nor did the public know how grave her sufferings were. Her movements might betray them—and that remained unobserved, as she played parts of ripe age—but her voice ever rang rich in tone, true and

gradually became a reactionary. With Clement Scott and others, he was against the Ibsen movement. He had no liking for the grim wizard of the North; none for the realistic school. Always just and temperate, he did not condemn sweepingly. He gave chapter and verse for his dislikes. He was at heart a romanticist, and nothing pleased him

The great moral force of the play, magnificently acted, pervaded the house. Bendall, for once, cast aside his reserve and came up to me, saying: "It is grand. I advise you to apply for the license. Don't mention to anybody that I told you so. I will do all I can. The play deserves to be seen by the public. Apply!" Then he resumed his more official air and walked away. No one guessed that that evening a breach was hewn in the Chinese Wall that immured our drama. Next day—early—the formal application was at Stable Yard. A week later the license was granted. In July 1914 there was a gala performance at the Haymarket, kindly lent by

Mr. Frederick Harrison, under the patronage of King Haakon of Norway. The play became public property, and had a long career at the Kingsway and everywhere in the provinces. Emboldened by this bid for freedom, we made another. We sent in "Monna Vanna," ostracised because of the line, "*nue sous son manteau*," and again, in no time, the license was granted. Michael Faraday produced it in July 1914, at the Lyric, with Constance Collier as Monna Vanna and Lionel Atwill as Prinzevali. It was a triumph, but the war stemmed its course.

If Ernest Bendall had done nothing but achieve the liberation of these two plays, he would have an indelible claim on our gratitude and deserve to be inscribed on the scroll of honour in the history of our modern drama.

Often, when the critic feels that the immortal word dwarfs his own, he leans on quotation, and then it happens that in the throes of composition memory is at fault or vacillating. There may be no time to dip into the library, for the classic research may "cut the current" of argument. He would be at sea but for the anchor by his side—"Benham's Book of Quotations," newly published by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. It is a priceless work, this collection of quotations from great English and many foreign writers; of proverbs, English and Latin; with its index which at a glance shows the way through a maze of wisdom. I have tested it again and

again when at work, and never has it left me in the lurch, whether I sought for the missing word of Shakespeare, of Molière, or the Book of Books. It



A FAMOUS FAN-PAINTER AS DESIGNER FOR THE THEATRE: MR. GEORGE SHERINGHAM'S ACT-DROP AND PELMET FOR "MIDSUMMER MADNESS."

Hitherto, Mr. George Sheringham has been known chiefly for his delicate work as a painter of fans, and as a decorative artist in general. He has now launched out as designer for the stage, and is responsible for the scenery and dresses of "Midsummer Madness," at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

better than a well-made play, an idyll—in fact, all that bathed in the sunny side of life. His tact, his reserve of manner (he was, besides being a critic, a Government official for many years), his knowledge of international literature, attracted the attention of the then Lord Chamberlain. The Censorship was in disrepute and turmoil. It clamoured for reform. Attacks in the Press proclaimed that there was too much license for the lewd, and too little liberty for the serious drama—the problem-play, as it was called. There was always wrangling between the theatres and the Censor's Office in Stable Yard, St. James's Palace. Ernest Bendall was summoned to the Palace, and asked whether he would undertake the thorny task, and share it with Mr. Charles Brookfield, a wit and clever actor, and the author of one or two very spicy farces—the last man one would expect to be selected for such a post. Bendall, however, cheerfully accepted the double harness; and, although there was much outcry against the appointment of Brookfield, practice proved that the combination was excellent. The Censors became popular, if not the Censorship. Henceforth there was peace in theatre-land: the managers knew, as well as the authors, that the scales were tactfully held; that liberality reigned in the office, that the stupid blunders of ostracising momentous plays like "Ghosts" and "Monna Vanna" would not be repeated. When Brookfield died and Mr. George S. Street, the able essayist of the then flourishing *Pall Mall Gazette*, became Bendall's associate, the dual power, strengthened by a Board of Super-Censors—a Court of Appeal as it were—functioned admirably. On the rare occasions when there was interference, there was sound reason for it. The Censors were liberal to plays, and their veto mostly affected the display of the nude, which at one time grew in alarming effrontery.

I said above that Bendall became reactionary as a critic, but as a Censor he once more changed his outlook. He was pliable and open to conviction. I shall never forget that memorable evening at the Court, when, for a Feminist cause, we produced "Ghosts" once more *en cachette*—with Bessie Hatton as Mrs. Alving and Leon Quartermaine as Oswald. Bendall was there unofficially, a guest of the society. He was often to be seen at performances given in private "without benefit" of Censorship. That performance of "Ghosts" was an enormous success.



DESIGNED BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM: "THE WIDOW PASCAL."

This is the character played by Miss Marie Tempest.

caressing. She was "*simpatica*," in all the melodious sense of that untranslatable Italian word.

Ernest Bendall began his career as a dramatic critic in the well-remembered *London Figaro*. In those days, some fifty years ago, he was an iconoclast. He stood for reform of the theatre, and fought for it with all his might. Then, called to the *Observer* (where he remained for thirty years), he

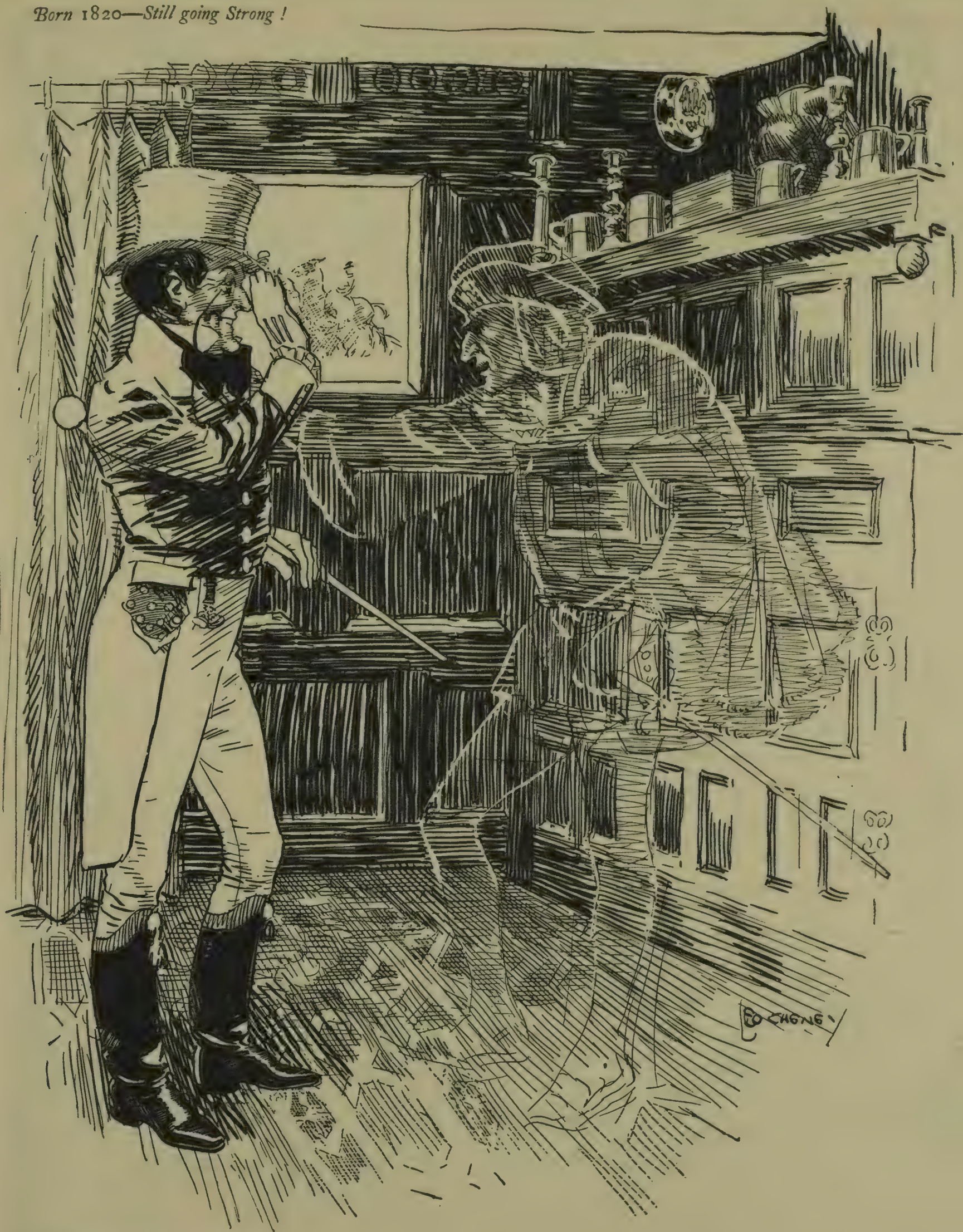


DESIGNED BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM: "COLUMBINE."

Columbine is played by Miss Marjorie Dixon.

is my constant companion, and when, in moments of leisure, I run through its pages at random, I feel like looking at the starlit sky. Ever something new, a revelation, a revival of sayings familiar in youth that have become hazy, clouded by time, like the starlit sky this book of more than 1200 pages studded with thoughts and brilliancy fills one with wonderment and reverence. The human mind is as unfathomable as the firmament, but, as far as knowledge goes, Mr. W. Gurney Benham is a loyal Astronomer Royal.

Born 1820—Still going Strong !



HISTORICAL SPIRIT—SERIES NO. 32

DOCKWRAY HALL, PENRITH—now called the Gloucester Arms. Formerly belonging to the Nevill family and no doubt came into the possession of the Duke of Gloucester who became Richard III. Contains some fine mediæval oak wainscoting and a room in which Richard III is said to have slept.

Shade of
King Richard III:

“Yes, ’tis true I called ‘A horse, a horse, my Kingdom for a horse,’ but *everybody* calls for you.”

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Read Surfaces. The number of serious accidents recorded lately, as a result of the use of bituminous materials for surfacing roads, has given rise to considerable doubt as to whether

surfaces. Not that all the accidents recorded have happened to novices. For instance, there was the one in which Sir Guy Gaunt nearly lost his life the other day. He, I know, is an excellent driver, and his accident is to be laid to the account of nothing but the condition of the road surface at the time. The whole question seems to be one for close inquiry on the part of the Minister of Transport, because, if these surfaces are simply so many danger traps, an alternative method of road-making will have to be found.

Concrete Roads. The line of inquiry might well trend in the direction of the concrete road surface. I am not quite clear about the comparative cost of concrete-surfaced roads, though I am aware that they actually cost more than the ordinary tar or bitumen surfaced roads which are now being constructed. In their favour there is the great point that they cost far less in upkeep, and, consequently, over a term of years they are more economical in the end. They

have the added merit that they are safe in all conditions of weather. It is next door to impossible to skid on them under ordinary circumstances and at moderate speeds. I have no doubt that if the proposition were put seriously to the Ministry of Transport that the roads of the future should be concrete-surfaced, the answer would be that the first cost is prohibitive. That, however, is no answer. That section of road-users represented by the motorist is paying a special contribution of some sixteen

millions a year towards the construction and maintenance of roads fit to carry modern traffic. The motoring community has an indubitable right to ask that the roads for which they are paying shall be at least reasonably safe for them to drive upon. If bituminous roads are really unsafe, then they must be abandoned in favour of some surface that is safe.

The Oxford Arctic Expedition.

It will be remembered that Mr. George Binney (leader of the Oxford University Arctic Expedition) and Captain Ellis (pilot of the seaplane) were recently rescued from the seaplane taken with the expedition after drifting for nearly fourteen miles in a heavy sea. They were taken on board the motor ship *Polar Björn*, and Messrs. A. V. Roe and Co., Ltd., the makers of the seaplane, have received the following wireless message from Spitzbergen—

Most sincere congratulations on amazing seaworthiness of seaplane; eighteen hours heavy seas, undamaged, floats dry. Ellis, nine years' seaplane experience, considers performance unrivalled. Undoubtedly owe our lives to your fine workmanship.—Binney, Oxford Expedition. The Avro seaplane was specially built for the expedition, and is fitted with a Siddeley-Lynx engine.—W. W.



BUILT FOR HIS LATE MAJESTY: THE FIRST DAIMLER CAR SUPPLIED TO KING EDWARD VII. IN 1900.

it is advisable to go on employing them. In dry weather, roads treated with this material are wonderfully smooth and easy to run upon. They do not soften under heat like tar-treated roads, and the consequent damage done by heavy traffic is nothing like so great as in the case of the latter. As to their general wear-resisting qualities, the consensus of expert opinion is that they are excellent. The principal drawback they seem to possess is that of great slipperiness when wet, and it is to this that so many accidents are attributable.

Generally speaking, while the expert driver does not precisely enjoy slippery roads, he takes them all as being in the day's driving. He knows how to correct the skid which really ought not to happen if the road conditions were right, and it leaves him quite cold. But the trouble is that all drivers cannot be classed as expert, and it is the novice and the inexperienced who meet trouble on these slippery road



TWENTY YEARS AFTER: THE 57-H.P. DAIMLER LIMOUSINE, WITH HOOPER BODY, JUST SUPPLIED FOR THE USE OF THEIR MAJESTIES.

Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd., have just supplied five new Daimler cars to his Majesty the King. They comprise two limousines and two shooting brakes of 57-h.p. and a 20-h.p. limousine. The Daimler Company made the chassis, and Messrs. Hooper and Co are the royal carriage builders.—[Photographs by Charles K. Bowers.]

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*Why not go to Ostend for your Holiday?
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Horse Racing on 63 days for Four Million
Francs in Prizes:

August 31, Grand International Frs. 500,000

ALL CASINO ATTRACTIONS

Roulette — Baccarat.

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As on the Riviera.

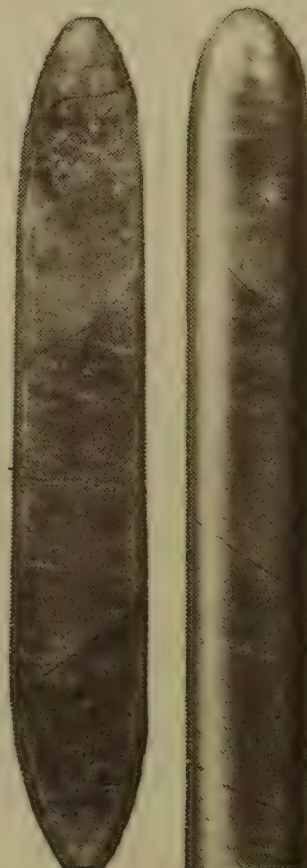
Engagements include HARRY PILCER, MAURICE and LEONORA HUGHES, RAQUEL MILLER, DOLLY SISTERS, the SAKHAROFF, JOAN PICKERING, DANAY FEY, and the MIDNIGHT FOLLIES CABARET TROUPE FROM LONDON.

AT THE CLASSICAL CONCERTS:

YSAYE, JACQUES THIBAUT, RUBINSTEIN, &c.

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The Smoker who takes a pride in the quality of his cigars will find an unusual degree of satisfaction in these choice Criterion examples.

They are distinctly handsome and high-class in appearance, and they possess in a marked degree the inimitable flavour and aroma which belong only to cigars manufactured from choicest leaf.

If the moderate price of Criterion Cigars makes you a little sceptical as to their high quality, we suggest that you buy a sample five to-day and smoke them in your most critical mood.

Samples of
5 for 3/-

Actual size of
IMPERIAL NO. 2

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IMPERIAL NO. 3

IN CEDAR WOOD CABINET
BOXES OF 25, 50, AND 100

OF ALL HIGH-CLASS TOBACCONISTS AND STORES

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WHEN held up by a traffic stop it is gratifying to know that your engine will instantly respond to a touch of the accelerator pedal the moment the policeman waves you on.

Rapid acceleration is one of the many desirable things that result from the use of “BP”—the British Petrol.

Proof of the remarkable properties of “BP” in this respect was provided at Brooklands on May 22nd, when Mr. J. Parry Thomas, driving his Leyland Eight, covered with flying start five miles in 2 min. 26.51 secs., and 10 miles in 4 min. 58.26 secs., and made the astonishing lap speed of 124.12 miles per hour.



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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE.

THIS is a great age for English musicians, for there is little doubt in my mind but that we are living at the dawn of what will ultimately prove to be the great Renaissance of English music. For fifty years now, the signs of awakening life have been multiplying on all sides. Seventy years ago English music was almost non-existent. There was an unfordable chasm between the professional and popular tastes. English music was really represented by ephemeral music-hall songs, while the professional musicians, the representatives of England in the musical culture of Europe, were in the musical sense merely provincial Germans. Men like Sterndale Bennett returned from Leipzig as ambassadors of the art of music as cultivated in Germany, and even so naturally gifted a composer as Sullivan was quite unable to function as a "serious" musician, except as a dull imitator of the classical Teutonic style.

Mendelssohn was the immediate master of most English musicians, and when they wriggled out of the Mendelssohn tradition they only did so to clasp on the fetters of Brahms. All the ambitious orchestral and chamber music of Sir Charles Stanford is Brahms and water, with here and there a slight dash of Irish whisky. Sir Edward Elgar—who was everywhere hailed as the first great English master for the beautifully simple reason that he had never been a student at Leipzig—is, in his symphonies and choral works, entirely German. "The Dream of Gerontius" is "Parsifal" all over again, although not without touches of individuality, but an individuality which is Elgarish, not English. It is even doubtful whether we can claim the banality of "Land of Hope and Glory" as English. To my ears, it is much more Teutonic than English, if we accept the sixteenth and seventeenth as the centuries when England was most characteristically English.

It is therefore right and proper that to-day, when, after a long period of complete somnolence and, let us hope, incubation, the English spirit is again becoming conscious and seeking to express itself—it is right and proper, I say, that the works of Elgar and his contemporaries

should now be anathema to the ardent young English musician. For the first time for two hundred years his ears are open to the old lost and forgotten English tradition. "Back to Purcell!"

will, I hope, be the battle-cry, soon to be heard in almost every conservatory and school of music in the country. Away with all these imitators of Brahms, Liszt, and Wagner! Death to Berlioz, Franck and Debussy! Let us pursue, tooth and nail, with the utmost malevolence, all who find example and inspiration in Germany, France, Spain, or Russia! Let us hiss and howl them down in the concert-hall and theatre, lash them with insults and mockery in the Press, and sting the musical public with our jibes until it deserts them! This policy of polite pugnacity is the one with which I am in complete sympathy! After having been an anti-nationalist all my life, I have come over to the English camp. I have definitely changed my faith. No more cosmopolitanism in music for me! I am confident that cosmopolitanism and eclecticism mean sterility, degeneration, and death. You cannot be a great English composer except in the English tradition. An Englishman cannot contribute his quota to the world's music until he writes English music. What is the use of offering to Germany imitation German music, to France imitation French music, to Russia imitation Russian music, to Spain imitation Spanish music? Have we nothing of our own to contribute to the world? If we haven't, we are obviously useless!

It is, therefore, with intense satisfaction that I watch the efforts of the Oriana Madrigal Society to familiarise the public with the great English music of the past. I am happy in the recollection that, without at first fully understanding the importance of this new movement, I have been a champion of the Oriana Society and the English Folk-Dance Society and the late Mr. Cecil J. Sharp from the beginning. And now I declare that the performance by the British National Opera Company of Dr. Vaughan Williams's romantic ballad-opera, "Hugh the Drover," is the most important musical event that has taken place in England for two hundred years. Not that I think "Hugh the Drover" a great opera. I cannot place it beside the masterpieces of Mozart, Wagner, Verdi, Moussorgsky, and Rimsky-Korsakov. But it is the beginning of the English Renaissance. It is the first English opera since Purcell. It is defiantly, dogmatically, exclusively, rapturously English.

(Continued on page 256.)



THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S ELDER DAUGHTER: LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY—FORMERLY LADY URSULA GROSVENOR—AND HER HUSBAND.

The marriage of Lady Ursula Grosvenor, elder daughter of the Duke of Westminster and of Constance Duchess of Westminster, to Mr. W. Filmer-Sankey, 1st Life Guards, was celebrated at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens, last week. The Duke gave his daughter away, and she was attended by her sister, Lady Mary Grosvenor, her cousins, Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper and the Misses Isolda and Barbara Grosvenor, and by two train-bearers, the little son and daughter of Mrs. Cotton.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

Holidays on the West Coast

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Aberystwyth
Amlwch
Bangor
Barmouth
Beaumaris
Bettws-y-Coed
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Carnarvon
Colwyn Bay
Conway
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Deganwy
Fleetwood
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Isle of Anglesey
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The healthiest Holiday places in Summer and Autumn are on the West Coast of Great Britain.

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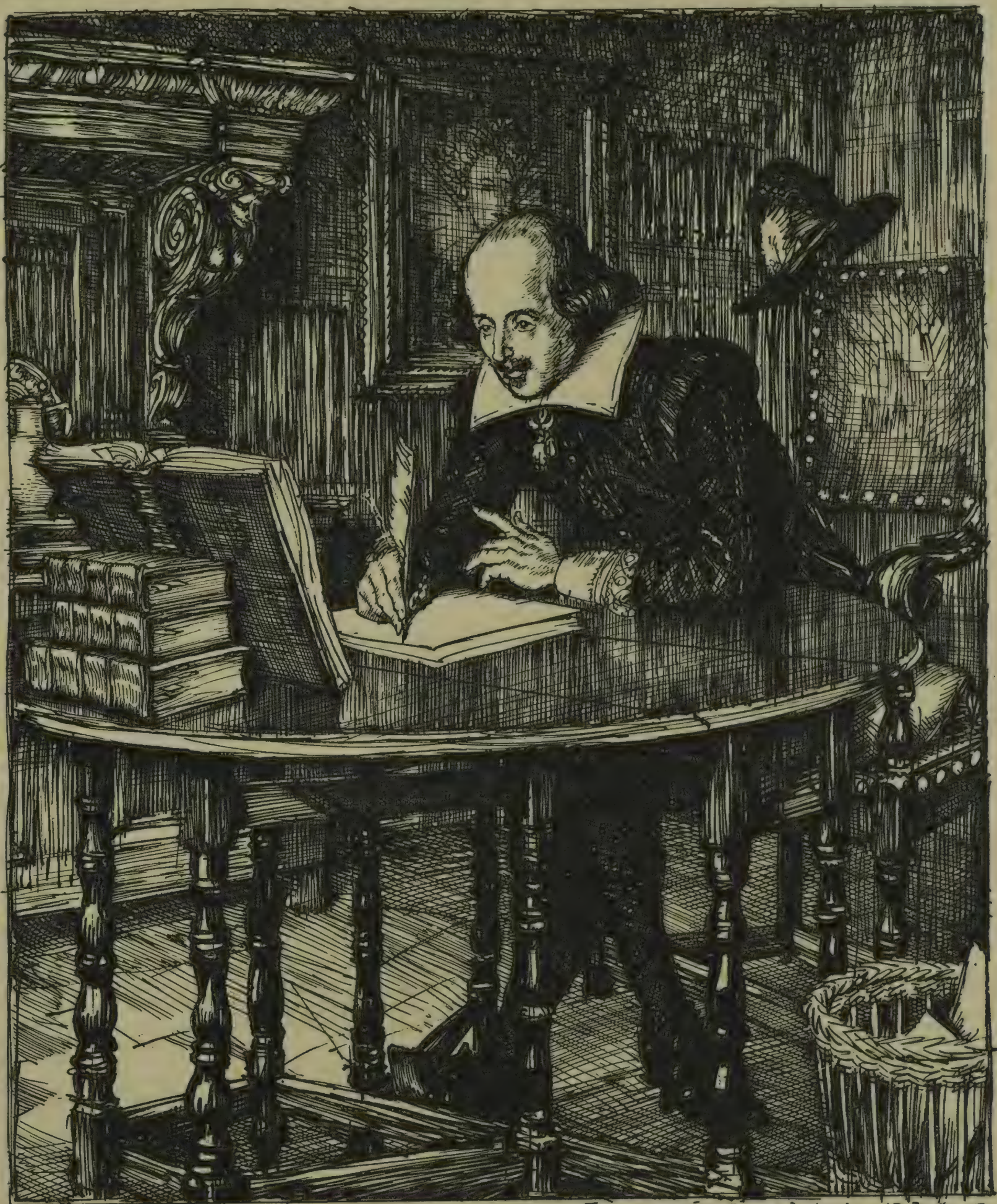
and holidays spent on the West Coast mean ozone-laden breezes direct from the open sea, unblemished by city dust or smoke.

Take your Holiday on the West Coast—there are many Resorts to choose from

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(William Shakespeare)

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THE SPIRIT OF INSPIRATION

Inspiration is the source of all things worth while; the charm of literature, the glory of art, the appeal of music and the wonder of science. Inspiration finds expression in many ways but never more happily than in the inspired blending of

DEWAR'S

Fashions and Fancies.

Holiday Waterproof Silk Coats.

Whether bound for the South or for the Scottish moors, a reliable waterproof coat is an essential item of the holiday outfit, and demands foremost consideration. Ideal for race meetings and other outdoor functions is the featherweight waterproof silk coat sketched here. It comes from Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, W.1, the home of water-

proofs. The coat in the illustration is royal blue, but it can be obtained in a variety of shades to suit individual taste. It is a really useful and practical addition to any wardrobe. The cross-over belt and gauntlet cuffs give it a distinctive appearance, and it may be worn over a race gown without in any way detracting from the general appearance of the toilette. In silk it is 4 guineas, and in waterproof crêpe-de-Chine, 6½ guineas. West of England covert coating is the material used by Elvery's in the construction of the very practical coat illustrated on the right. It is faultlessly cut, and has a useful pocket on either side and a small belt in front only. This coat is obtainable from 79s. 6d. to 6½ guineas. In addition to the



Here is a featherweight silk water proof that may be worn over an elaborate toilette without crushing it. At Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, W.

side and a small belt in front only. This coat is obtainable from 79s. 6d. to 6½ guineas.

large variety always in stock, waterproofs and coats of every description are made to measure, while a speciality is made of travelling coats and wraps in rainproof cheviot, Scotch wools, camel fleece, and blankets, which are stocked in all sizes ready for immediate wear.

A Sports Hat Weighing One Ounce.

The prospect of a general exodus to Scotland in the near future conjures up delightful visions of fishing, golfing, and motoring. These are joys which can so easily be marred by small defects in one's outfits; by a hat which is too heavy or too hot, or, worst of all, too tight and liable to bring headaches in its train. Consequently, the greatest care is needed in choosing a comfortable, workmanlike affair which has none of these disadvantages. Such is the "Belsair" hat, which weighs the surprising amount of 1 oz. only! It is made of light straw in any colour, and is a close-fitting, becoming shape, which the fiercest winds will not disarrange. Costing only 25s. 9d., it can be made to measure for each prospective owner, and application should be made to Belsair, 8, Montpelier Street, Brompton Road, S.W.

A Remedy for Mosquito Bites.

Mosquito warfare is unfortunately exceedingly active at this time of year, and its victims number everyone who possesses a tender skin. There is a simple remedy, however, which is well worth a trial, and that is the use of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. The well-known hygienic qualities of this soap afford a splendid protection from the onslaughts of these annoying insects, and its regular use will bring welcome relief to the worst sufferers. For children, especially, it is invaluable, and no holiday outfit is complete without a goodly supply.

Ostend for the Holidays.

Before the war Ostend was one of the most fashionable Continental *plages*, and it is astonishing how quickly it has regained during the last two years its former position and prestige. Ostend offers a delightful solution to the holiday problem, and one that is especially attractive just now owing to the advantageous rate of exchange. The casino offers countless attractions: dancing, concerts, roulette and baccarat; while engagements for special

gala nights include famous artists such as Harry Pilcer, Maurice and Leonora Hughes, the Dolly Sisters, and the Italian Ballet.

Vittel Mineral Water.

Sufferers from gout and kindred troubles should seek the aid of Vittel Grande Source mineral water, which is an efficacious treatment for these ills. It can be taken advantageously with wines and spirits, and is at all times a refreshing and cooling beverage. It is obtainable from all hotels, chemists and stores, but should any difficulty be experienced, application should be made to the Vittel Mineral Water Co., 52, Charlotte Street, W.

Novelty of the Week.

A long-felt want has been supplied by a delightful new liquid rouge which will positively not rub off, and is not affected by warmth or the natural moisture of the skin. It imparts a lovely natural bloom to the complexion, attaining any desired tint to suit blond or brunette colourings. The pores of the skin are not blocked in any way, and it is quite undetectable. This can be obtained in 2s. 6d. bottles, and ordinary face powder can be used with it if desired. On application to this paper, I shall be pleased to state where it may be obtained.



For country wear Elvery has designed and carried out this coat in West of England covert coating.

Get the Sanitas health habit

After tennis use Sanitas

SOLD EVERYWHERE

After a hard game of tennis, rub yourself down with a towel moistened with Sanitas Fluid. The hydrogen peroxide it contains removes the sticky feeling of perspiration in a way that mere soap and water cannot. Sanitas Fluid is wonderfully refreshing and has a delightful odour of the essence of mountain pines.

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"The Popular Floor Brush—cutest thing out—Dirt never dodges it."

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POPULAR FLOOR BRUSH.

Ronuk—for good reasons—is a household word, and the 'Popular' Floor Brush is a Ronuk production. It brushes—it polishes—with effortless ease. It is so built that at a touch it sidles round chair legs, creeps under the furniture that cannot be moved, climbs the skirting—behaves, in short, like a live thing.

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as a citizen of this great Empire will be interested in the striking section which shows on the one hand the damage done to health and wealth by smoke and, on the other, the great benefits to the community which accrue from the use of gas—the Spirit of Coal—instead of the crude mineral.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

JOHN RANSFORD (Clinton, Ontario).—In your proposed solution of No. 3935 you have failed to notice that, when Black plays P takes R, he checks the White King at the same time, and then there is no mate on the second move. You may take it for granted that a solution beginning with a check is almost certain to be wrong.

R S J (Cairo).—We have many tastes to consult, and we do the best we can, but you must admit the problems you petition for largely preponderate in our choice.

J M K LUPTON (Richmond).—Thanks for your fresh batch, of which we hope to make use in due course.

M E JOWETT (Grange-on-Sands).—You seem to have made some mistake in your setting of No. 3935, otherwise so good a solver as yourself could scarcely have overlooked Black's defence of Kt to Q B 4th.

ANTONIO PRATS (Reus).—You must study the effect of 1. —, P to Q 4th in your proposed solution of No. 3935.

M BEACH (Milton Bridge). To render the solution of No. 3931 intelligible you must certainly be acquainted with the practice of Pawn takes Pawn en passant. As regards No. 3935, see note above with reference to the same proposed solution as yours.

M A RODRIGUEZ (San Juan, Puerto Rico).—Your solution of No. 3931 is quite right, and is acknowledged in its proper place. We always make full allowance for foreign correspondents in regard to time, as you can see for yourself.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3930 received from R W Hill (Melbourne) and Lieutenant-Colonel A L Holden (Hobart); of No. 3934 from R S J (Cairo), E A French (Lymington), J M K Lupton (Richmond), M Beach (Milton Bridge), and M A Rodriguez (San Juan, Puerto Rico); and of No. 3935 from A Edmeston (Worsley), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), J J Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows), E A French (Lymington), R P Nicholson (Crayke), W N Powell (Ladbury), F H White (Grantham), A W M (Aberdeen), W C D Smith (Northampton), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), J C Kruse (Hammersmith), F J Fallwell (Caterham), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), J M K Lupton (Richmond), Franz Nidetzky (Vienna), and E G B Barlow (Bournemouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3936 received from Rev. W Scott (Elgin), R B N (Tewkesbury), L W Cafferata (Farndon), J J Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows), J Hunter (Leicester), A Edmeston (Worsley), H W Satow (Bangor), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), C B S (Canterbury), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), J P Smith (Cricklewood), W N Powell (Ladbury), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), S Caldwell (Hove), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and J M K Lupton (Richmond).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3935.—By E. BOSWELL.

WHITE

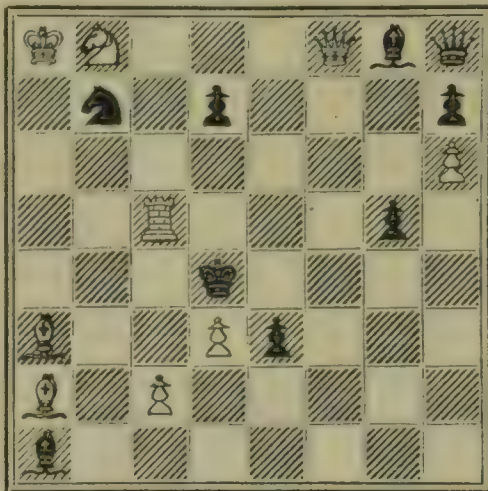
BLACK

1. B to K Kt 6th
2. Mates accordingly.

The complete division between the Black and White forces, suggests a "Vision of Judgment" with, appropriately enough, the Blacks on the left hand and in the majority. The problem, nevertheless, is an excellent embodiment of a bold idea: that every possible move of Black shall be attended by its own peculiar and different mate. The skilful way in which this is planned amply compensates for a key move that is, perhaps, a little lacking in distinction.

PROBLEM No. 3936.—By CHARLES H. BATTEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. W. GOODING and R. P. MICHELL.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

- WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th
 2. Kt to K B 3rd
 3. P to Q B 4th
 4. Q to B 2nd
 5. B to K Kt 5th
 6. B to K Kt 5th
 7. P to Q R 3rd

The game certainly escapes the rut of the orthodox opening; but, as our next note suggests, its soundness is open to doubt.

8. Q takes B
9. B takes Kt
10. P to K Kt 3rd
11. B to Kt 2nd
12. Castles
13. K R to Q sq

White's inability to move his K P points to some weakness of development in its early stages, and his position is already becoming compromised.

14. Q R to Q B sq
15. P to Q Kt 4th
16. B takes B
17. R takes P

Queen takes Pawn strikes us as sounder play. It both removes the Queen from the range of the

- WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th
 2. Kt to K B 3rd
 3. P to Q B 4th
 4. Q to B 2nd
 5. B to K Kt 5th
 6. B to K Kt 5th
 7. P to Q R 3rd

masked Rook and arrests the advance of Black's Pawns.

17. Q to Q 2nd
18. Q to Q 2nd
19. P to Q B 5th

It is difficult to see what White can do better, although, as Black brilliantly proves, the text move loses the game. If 19. P takes P, R takes R (ch); 20. Q takes R, Kt takes B (ch), and wins.

Black's Pawns now become irresistible, and score success in a smartly handled contest.

24. K to K 2nd
25. K R to B 2nd
26. K to Q 3rd
27. R to Q B 3rd
28. K to Q 2nd
29. K to B 2nd
30. K to Q 2nd
31. R(Q) sq to B 2
32. R to B 4th
33. R to Q Kt 4th

White resigns.

The final tournament of the Olympic International Chess Congress was played off by the winners of nine preliminary sections, and resulted in the first prize going to F Apschench, of Latvia, with a score of 5½ points. E Colle, of Belgium, was second with 4½, and M Euwe, of Holland, third with 4 points. The absence of any adequate representation of English amateur talent from the contest must be a matter of regret to all who have the interests of the game in this country at heart.



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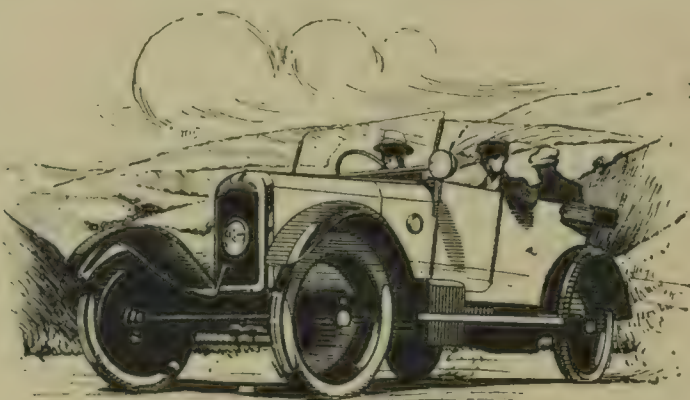
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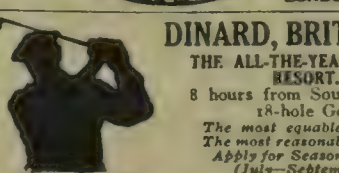
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

(Continued from Page 250.)

I am also delighted to be able to add that it is beautifully English, for "Hugh the Drover"—it not a great masterpiece—is a work of remarkable quality, and could only have been written by a genuine artist; an artist subject—however fitfully—to moments of inspiration. It is worlds away from the clever, mechanical, manufactured article of the talented academic musician; while at the same time it is no naive product of an inspired but imperfectly equipped amateur. It contains pages of consummate art, and there are moments in the second act of the rarest beauty. It has also many of the elements of popularity. The librettist, Mr. Harold Child, has managed to perform his part with fair success, and I venture to believe that if the B.N.O.C. does its duty by "Hugh the Drover," they will find next season that every time it is performed it will be played to packed and enthusiastic houses.

But "Hugh the Drover" is even more important for what it promises than for what it performs. I believe it to be the inaugurator of a series of great English works. I believe we shall live to see the creation of a group of English masterpieces worthy to take their place with the great musical creations of Europe. I do not describe "Hugh the Drover" as the first English opera since Purcell merely because it contains a number of old English traditional tunes, such as "Cockles," "Primroses," "Tuesday Morning," "York," etc. You do not write English music by simply stringing old English tunes together, however skilfully you do it. It is because Vaughan

Williams shows in the second act that he has assimilated the traditional material, and can write *naturally* in a purely English style, that "Hugh the Drover" is an important landmark. Vaughan Williams is the first to do what many others will soon be able to do—namely, write English music without using a single traditional tune. Let us therefore salute with the utmost gratitude and respect the name of Vaughan Williams as the first English musician since Henry Purcell.

W. J. TURNER.

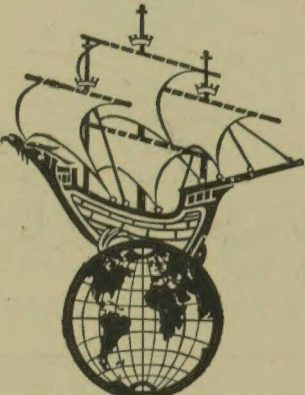
By command of his Majesty the King, the refreshments at the Garden Party held at Buckingham Palace on Thursday, July 24, were provided by Messrs. J. Lyons and Company, Ltd.

The head office of the British Petroleum Company, Ltd., distributors of "B.P." Petrol, have been moved from 22, Fenchurch Street, London, to the new building of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, Ltd., Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2.

As a supplementary note to Dr. Thomas Gann's interesting article in our issue of July 26, on "A Lost City of America's Oldest Civilisation: Lubaantun," we are asked to insert the following paragraph: "The party which set out on the expedition which resulted in the discovery of the ancient ruined city of Lubaantun, on the borders of British Honduras and Guatemala, consisted of Lady Richmond Brown, Mr. Tuke, R.A., Dr. Gann, and Mr. Mitchell-Hedges. Owing to the upset of the dug-outs in the Rio Grande, the expedition had to turn back, and, the bush being almost impassable, only Dr. Gann and Mr. Mitchell-Hedges ultimately succeeded in reaching the ruins overland."

"THE CREAKING CHAIR," AT THE COMEDY.

THOUGH dramas dealing with crime mysteries are as common nowadays on our stage as the revue or the play with music, there is always room for any new example of this class the construction of which is so ingenious and the interest so well sustained as that of "The Creaking Chair." There is nothing out of the way in the story to which Allene Tupper Wilkes and Roland Pertwee have put their names on the Comedy Theatre's programme; it is a tale of a murder, and the usual conjuring tricks are employed to keep the audience in the dark as long as possible over the identity of the criminal. But the spectator has his attention aroused and maintained throughout the play, is afforded surprises as well as suspense, and is left not only pleasantly puzzled by the problem, but also amused by clever strokes of characterisation and passages of humorous dialogue. Notably good are the sketches of a Scottish man-servant and a middle-aged parlourmaid, whose conversation Mr. Nigel Bruce and Miss Olga Slade make consistently diverting. These two parts and their acting perhaps stand out most, but the cast at the Comedy is strong in "stars" who also get their chances, though with purely conventional material. To say that the company includes Mr. Aubrey Smith, Miss Tallulah Bankhead, Mr. Eric Maturin, Mr. Sam Livesey (hero and detective whom everyone guys), Miss Fabia Drake, and Mr. Reginald Dance, and that all of them are given something to do, is surely a sufficient recommendation of the Comedy's holiday bill.



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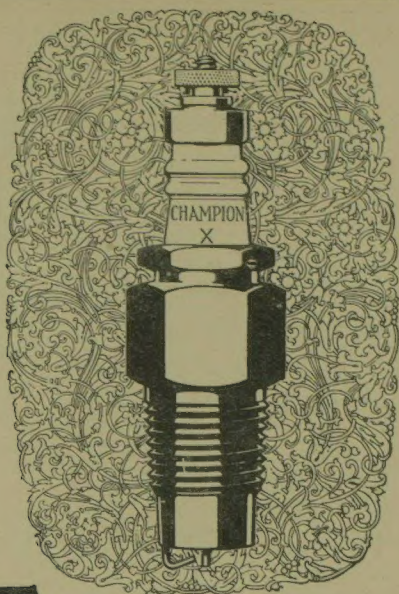
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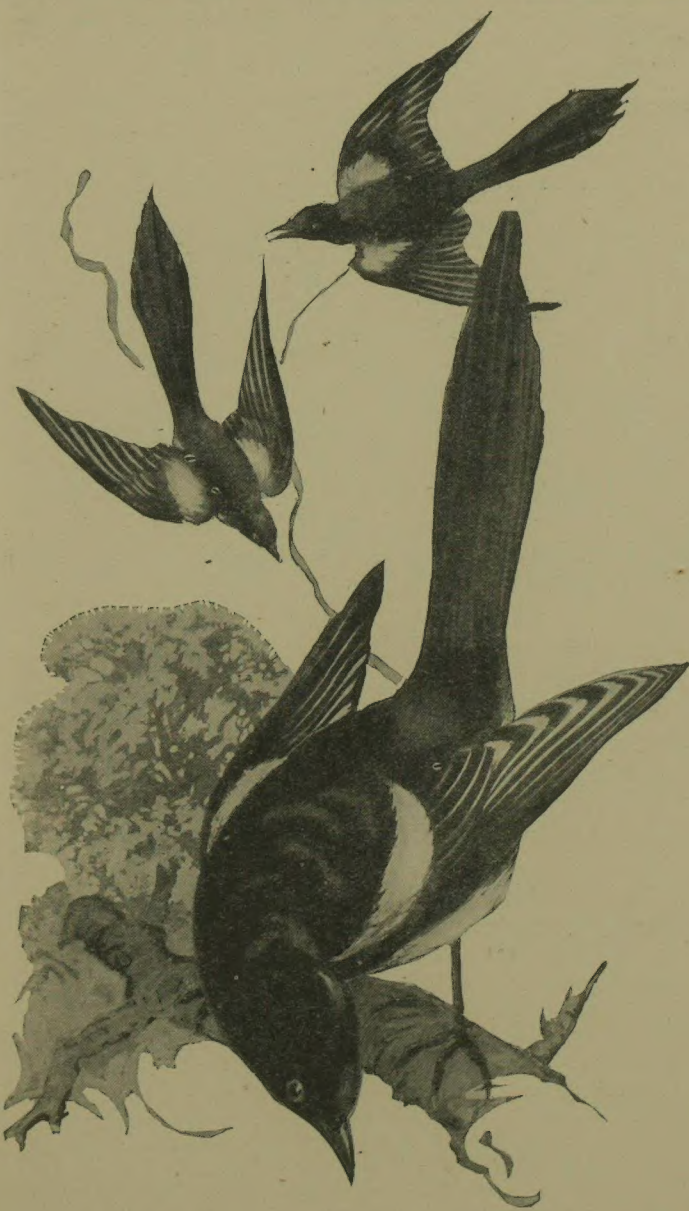
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